LAOS **ELIZABETH MARTINEZ**

THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 28, 1970 *35 cents*

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LETTERS

easy out

Beverly Hills, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Every time President Nixon commits a major blooper, such as the invasion of Cambodia, the vetoing of the school and housing appropriations bills, he repeats that he is aware that this may cost him votes, that it may make him a one-term President, etc.

I, for one, am willing to take the President's hints at face value and interpret these words as springing from a strong desire not to run in 1972. However, I would recommend to Mr. Nixon a much less costly way to implement his desire. Instead of heaping disaster upon disaster on the country, in order to force the voters to reject him, as they did the unlamented Johnson in 1968, Mr. Nixon could simply announce that he does not intend to run again. The country might then be spared further calamities, and Mr. Nixon could concentrate on doing things right and compiling a good record for the remaining two years of his term.

Aris Anagnos

desk space for dolphin

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Dolphin Center has been formed as a service and coordinating agency for peace groups which draw their membership from academic and professional circles. Among the participating organizations are Psychologists for Social Action, N.Y. SANE, Committee of the Professions, and Medical Committee for Human Rights. We hope that our members, like the dolphins in Leo Szilard's *The Voice of the Dolphins,* will be able to pool their talents in ways which will help save man (and dolphins) from destruction.

This fall the center will make available desk space for a sabbatical. In view of the current world situation, we expect that a number of people will be interested in finding an alternative to the usual academic sabbaticals, and will want to consider this possibility. The center will consider all who submit proposals for study related to the peace movement, combined with plans for leadership within the movement. The coordinating function of the center provides a rare opportunity for someone to become thoroughly familiar with the work of a number of groups and to contribute significantly to them. More information about the sabbatical may be obtained from our New York office.

Mary E. McNamara, Executive Director,
Dolphin Center, Inc., 137 West 14 St.,
New York, N.Y. 10011

the Montagnards

Kontum, South Vietnam

DEAR SIRS: My diocese of Kontum is located in the central highlands of South Vietnam. My people are the Montagnards and they have stoically endured many attacks on their independence.

Their villages have been burned, their rice paddies destroyed—forcing them to become refugees. They live each day with the hope that soon they can return to their villages and rebuild their lives. God bless their courage—some have waited eight years—but still their faith has not wavered.

Yes, the courage of the Montagnards has been tested many times. One village has undergone seven attacks by the VC—200 dwellings ruined—sixty-five killed at one time and 4,000 homeless.

My missionaries and the good sisters have remained at their posts. No threats or dangers can move them from their self-appointed task of helping the helpless. I marvel daily at them all. Doctors like Dr. Beguin and Dr. Pat Smith who, if they so desired, could be enjoying a lucrative practice away from the terrible uncertainty of war. I worry for them, but they ignore my fears; they say if

(*Continued on page 277*)

EDITORIALS

Faint Hope

If the cease-fire in the Middle East survives the recent hijackings, seizure of hostages, attempts to overthrow King Hussein, and violations of the agreement, it will be a miracle. On the evidence to date, it is clear that the Egyptians, with the collusion of the Soviets, did indeed violate the cease-fire agreement. The talk about "redeployment" within the zone is not convincing. The truce accord provides that "both sides will refrain from changing the military *status quo*" in the Suez zone. It forbids either side to "introduce or construct" new military installations and limits maintenance to existing sites and positions. The Soviets contend that they were never asked for and never gave any commitments to help enforce the cease-fire and Washington has been slow to offer any evidence to the contrary. But this only indicates that the Administration was overeager to get a cease-fire. In an embittered situation of this kind, and given the difficulties the Israelis have experienced with earlier cease-fires, it was all too clear that any attempt to change the *status quo* in the zone would endanger the negotiations.

Of equal gravity is the action of the commandos in seizing as hostages citizens of nations not directly involved. It often happens that nationalist leaders, passionately convinced of the justice of their cause and acting under great stress and against strong odds, commit acts which cannot be justified legally or morally, but which are overlooked or soon forgotten if the consequences are not disastrous. In 1961 the Portuguese liner *Santa Maria* was seized on the high seas by Henrique Galvao and a handful of compatriots. After holding it for a few days, Galvao took the ship to a Brazilian port where the passengers were released and the ship turned over to local authorities in response to a promise of asylum. It should be noted that the ship was Portuguese and its seizure was intended to focus world attention on the misdeeds of the Salazar dictatorship. It was still piracy. But the Arab commandos have seized British, Swiss and American airliners, destroyed them, and now hold as hostages, among other passengers, thirty-seven or thirty-eight Americans, only three of whom, it is reported, have dual citizenship.

The seizure of civilian hostages is a dirty business even when those held are citizens of a state engaged in the fighting. The act takes on even graver significance when the hostages are citizens of a state not directly involved. The fact that the Israelis have in turn seized hostages is also deplorable, but it cannot be cited in justification of what the commandos have done. On its face, the Israeli action is defensive, to protect lives which the Israeli Government has an obligation to protect. The Israelis did not seize citizens of the Soviet Union or Japan or Argentina.

If the cease-fire survives, it may be possible to negotiate a sounder agreement, with specific guarantees and adequate enforcement. Should this happen, then the negotiations might proceed with a better prospect of success. If the recent disastrous developments had occurred after the negotiations had begun, there would have been no hope of salvage. As it is, that hope is faint.

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The UAW's Bill for Repairs

On September 14, 500,000 railroad workers were restrained by legal maneuvers from striking for a three-year wage package containing a 40 per cent increase plus fringe benefits, but on that same day the blue-collar-worker revolt against the devastations of inflation hit the auto industry. General Motors, the largest and richest corporation in the world, with about 787,000 worldwide employees, and annual profits of between $1.7 and $2 billion, was selectively closed down by the United Auto Workers.

The public shock at the news of 350,000 Auto Workers striking G.M. was caused partly by misleading news stories from Detroit in both *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal*, which so persuasively predicted no strike that they even buoyed up the stock market for one day. The fact is that the issues arousing the rank and file, and reflected in the bargaining demands of the UAW leadership, are not easily resolved, even by the most skilled negotiators. They are in three general areas, one of which—working conditions—has been largely overlooked and needs special emphasis.

During 1968 (the last year for which figures are available) the number of written grievances filed at G.M. averaged 56.7 per hundred employees. That is an extraordinarily high figure. It suggests that to workers, the auto industry is still the "gold plated sweatshop" Walter Reuther once called it. In 1968, 177,432 grievances were settled at the shop floor, 49,174 at the management shop committee level, and 16,040 at the appeal level. Sixteen went to the permanent arbitrator. The 1969 figures are likely to have been in the same range.

In announcing that General Motors would now have to conclude local settlements at most of the 157 plant units, as well as make a new national agreement, before the strike would be called off, Leonard Woodcock, UAW president, indicated two things: The UAW leadership was vividly aware of the shop issues reflected by the grievances and local union demands, and the strike was likely to last six to nine weeks.

Like the steel industry, which in 1959 so misread the temper and mood of its "employees" that it fell into a 119-day strike, the auto industry must re-educate itself about the UAW and the rank and file. This won't be easy. "These are the strangest negotiations I have ever been in," declared Earl Bramblett, G.M.'s experienced and able veteran of auto negotiations. As time goes on, G.M.'s corporate mentality may finally learn what Bramblett already knows.

To begin with, about one-third of the workers at G.M. are under 30 years of age, and many of them are as big a headache to the union as to the company. They have different views about work habits, discipline, union gains, company "loyalty" and the role of the union than do the workers G.M. has dealt with in the past. The old-timers think of the UAW as an organization that protects them from company abuse. Young workers think of the UAW as an outfit that had better get them what they think they deserve, and now. The young are not burdened with memories of the miseries of the past, or the struggles of two decades ago.

As I wrote in *The Nation* of May 25, the slogan of the

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young workers is "thirty and out"—meaning thirty years' seniority and a man should be entitled to a $500 a month pension. They think that's long enough for anyone to stay in a shop, that the men deserve early retirement, and that better jobs will open up for them if the old-timers retire.

For G.M. the slogan is not a monetary problem; G.M. could afford it. What bothers the company is that of 16,820 hourly employees with thirty or more years of service, almost one-third are in the skilled category. Another 6,000 skilled workers have between twenty-five and twenty-nine years of service. And even under the present retirement benefits, skilled workers are retiring almost as fast as they can. These same skilled workers have been bombarding the UAW with letters demanding "building trades settlements," which have been averaging about 13.5 per cent annual raises in this year's settlements.

That is one example of the kind of problems the UAW and the auto industry must solve to gain "labor peace," or an agreement that won't be rejected. G.M. blundered when it presented the UAW with a "token package" as a first negotiable offer. The reaction of the union activists was far more violent than the sharp comments offered by UAW leaders.

Since neither the UAW nor the auto industry—and the auto industry view is worth emphasizing—has any confidence in President Nixon's anti-inflation "fight," the cost of living escalator clause is a real stickler for both sides. In 1967, the union accepted a restricted cost of living clause in exchange for other fringe benefits, and a promise of any "catch up money" to go to the workers in 1970; the UAW leaders now admit that deal was a blunder. If the unrestricted clause had been retained, the average auto worker would today have about $1,000 more in pay. The ranks feel the company owes them this money, and it won't be easy to convince them otherwise.

A compromise might be worked out on the "lost" money if G.M. offered to revive the original unrestricted cost of living clause, under which wages rose automatically by 1 per cent per hour each three months that the cost of living index increased by a percentage point. But G.M. economists, knowing of Nixon's budgetary deficit and its inflationary consequences, are no more likely to give the President an implied vote of confidence than is the critical UAW.

Because of the railroad crisis, any early auto settlement would be bad news for the Administration, since a pattern favorable to the UAW would obviously affect contract talks there. In any event, no Administration strategy is likely to deflect blue-collar consciousness from the fact that inflation is the workers' number-one problem; and the rank and file is not apt to decide that Nixon is their friend, however many labor hierarchs dine at the White House.

There is still another interesting side to the auto strike. Recently, Leonard Woodcock spoke to the convention of the National Student Association, and the UAW plans to enlist campus youth as its allies. This may well shift some of the unrest into a new direction, and will certainly produce some new debate on campuses. Nor should it be overlooked that any UAW gains after this strike will be shared by more than 150,000 black members of the union—not a small contribution to any struggle for economic justice.

Finally, the nation needs to be reminded that, what with an ample car stock of both old and new models, and what with one-half the industry—Ford and Chrysler—still working, the economic impact of the G.M. strike is bound to be mild in the short run and negligible in the long. It may even boost Chrysler sales enough to keep that firm among the Big Three. The economists now rushing into print about the potential disaster of an auto strike appear to have forgotten that the Livernash report on the effect of the 1959 steel strike concluded that, contrary to public expectations and most predictions, it had had little influence on the economy over a period of time.

B. J. WIDICK

The Politics of Prejudice

The latest conventional wisdom on politics, vouchsafed by those secret weapons of the Republican Party, Richard M. Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg, in *The Real Majority,* is that "social issues," so-called, have become more important than economic issues. That gurus of such current repute in the mass media should advance this thesis was welcome news to President Nixon. For if there is one thing the President would like to do in this Congressional campaign it is to avoid the real issues. He does not want to discuss inflation, unemployment, Cambodia, the Middle East, pollution control, civil rights, Vietnam, foreign policy generally, or the basic causes of student unrest. Moreover, he has always shown a preference—and quite a talent—for phony issues that divert attention from real issues.

So, with blood in his eye, he has programmed his one-man political pistol, Vice President Agnew, to campaign for a Republican Congress on such issues as: promiscuity, drugs, pornography, "student extremists," the "radic-libs" (the new code name for "Reds," meaning such political personalities as Sen. J. W. Fulbright), "law and order," campus disorders, desecration of the flag, bussing and prayer in the schools. The main theme is that "student extremists" and "radic-libs" are responsible for all that seems to have gone wrong in the society. This is the reality underlying the talk about "social issues"; it is a brazen appeal to passions, an attempt to put prejudice above group interest or ideals or social aspirations. Part of the technique, of course, is for the Vice President to go out across the country, at places selected by the President, and in a context that he has specified to flatter "blue-collar workers" by appealing to them as future capitalists who are far above being concerned about such vulgar matters as wages or inflation. However, the current UAW strike (see accompanying editorial) and the rail strike, which is being held in abeyance, would indicate that blue- and white-collar workers are not yet so status-conscious that they no longer notice what they must pay for the things they must buy out of the wages they are currently being paid.

It remains to be seen whether this appeal to raw prejudice, this insulting denigration of the intelligence of

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voters, will bring about the election of a Republican Congress. We presume to doubt that it will. A brief exploration of two so-called "social issues" indicates why. For the first example, "law and order." The perceptive Ted Lewis of the New York *Daily News* focused on the reality of that "social issue" last week. Just what, he asked, have Messrs. Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell actually done to reduce crime and make the streets safe? What they have done is talk so much about and around the subject that they have conned some citizens into thinking that they have done something by way of remedy. They have not. The streets of the national capital, where their writ is exclusive, remain unsafe and, if anything, are getting worse. All that has been done about "law and order" has been to toss it into the laps of gullible Democrats who, instead of throwing it back at the Republicans, manage to sound defensive and apologetic.

A parallel "social issue" is that of "young extremists," meaning the nation's youth. Seldom has a politician had the gall to select, as overall scapegoat for a nation's ills, the ongoing generation, the members of which were unborn when most of the present ills came into being. When Mr. Nixon was shaken, as he deserved to be, by the massacre at Kent State University, he called on Dr. Alexander Heard of Vanderbilt University to enlighten him on the causes of student unrest. Dr. Heard laid it on the line. He even implied that the Administration's reckless rhetoric was a factor. The President, annoyed, brushed off the report and appointed a commission of his own selection, in the hope that it would throw the book at the students—an outcome that would dovetail nicely with Agnew's current reckless charges. Now that it looks as if the commission may come to conclusions not too far removed from those reached by Dr. Heard, a systematic campaign is on, engineered by the White House, to discount in advance any disagreeable things the commission may be impelled to say.

In fact, the President's lightning visit to the campus of Kansas State was obviously timed to offset the effect of his own commission's report, scheduled to be released on October 1. Some nine months ago, Kansas State was selected as the large campus most likely to provide a friendly reception should need or occasion arise for such a visit. Like most "aggie" schools, Kansas State does not have many "radic-libs" on the faculty, and the student body is more interested in football than politics. It is not Berkeley, Madison, Ann Arbor or, for that matter, the University of Kansas. The Kansas State blitz was cunning in conception and execution, but the reception given the President was neither representative nor typical. The entire "incursion" had about it the character of a military foray or a programmed commercial.

The Scammon-Wattenburg-Nixon-Agnew attempt to initiate a politics of prejudice may succeed; prophecy is not our business. But if it does, it will be bad news for the nation. The technique of appealing to prejudices and ignoring real issues succeeded in Germany in the 1930s. The United States is not the Germany of the Weimar Republic, nor is the setting or outlook similar, but one could feel more assured in this opinion if the Democrats would start reacting to Agnew's morbidly humorous efforts, in a Las Vegas, Nev., setting, to revive the "old-time religion." If they have lost their collective wits and faculties, which we doubt, they must still retain some remnants of the folk art of political ridicule.

When It Started

In the wake of the police action which broke up a war protest march of 15,000 Chicanos in Los Angeles on August 29—it resulted in the death of three Mexican-Americans, including Ruben Salazar, the well-known TV commentator and columnist; sixty or more injuries, and 185 arrests—the community is now earnestly debating the question of just when the Chicano Rebellion began. The prevailing view seems to be that it started with the "blow-out" of high school students in the spring of 1968. On the other hand, it might well be said to date from shortly after 1781, which is when the pueblo that became Los Angeles was founded. Discrimination against Mexican-Americans has a long history in the community and has been deeply resented. From time to time, in a variety of ways, this resentment has found public expression.

The Johnny-come-lately historians of the Chicano Rebellion have evidently forgotten the Zoot Suit Riots of June 6-7, 1943, to mention merely one earlier incident. The Zoot Suit Riots were touched off by minor friction between so-called *pachuco* gangs and servicemen on leave. Both those riots and the disturbances of last August 29 were essentially police actions directed against the Mexican-American community. In each instance the police grossly overreacted to trivial provocation. On August 29 the triggering incident arose from a dispute over whether a store owner had or had not offered free soft drinks to the marchers. During the ensuing excitement, the police and/or sheriff deputies claim to have received reports that a man with a gun had been seen entering a café on the line of march. The door of the café was open when the deputies converged on it. Witnesses contend that no warning was given before a deputy fired high-velocity tear gas projectiles through the open door. One of these projectiles struck and killed Salazar. The projectile used was of a type never intended for riot control; it acts, the manufacturer explains, "like a young cannon." Designed to pierce walls, it is accurate up to 100 yards and can penetrate a one-inch board at that distance. The missile that struck Salazar was fired from 10 or 15 feet.

But the consequences have been dramatically unlike those that came in the wake of the police action in 1943. Then the protests were meager and the Anglo reaction lethargic. By contrast, Salazar's funeral was a major event. Otis Chandler, publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, spoke at the services. Robert Finch delivered to the widow a personal letter from President Nixon. Various investigations are going forward; the clamor is loud and insistent. All seven TV stations in Los Angeles gave live coverage to the coroner's inquest, so that the entire community might hear the testimony.

A great deal has happened in the twenty-seven years that separate these two "incidents" in the history of the Mexican-American community. The August 29 parade was large and representative. Even more significant, however, is the fact that it was called to protest the war in Vietnam. Mexican-Americans feel, and with justification,

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that Chicanos have sustained more than their share of casualties. From the start the parade was subject to "armed containment" by the police; it was not viewed as a lawful protest against the war but as an incipient rebellion that had to be put down by force. Now it is to be repeated, with every indication that the turnout will be even more impressive. The Chicanos did not win the earlier action in 1943, but they are well on the way to winning this one. Regardless of when it started, the Chicano Rebellion has surfaced and is likely to grow in strength and maturity.

Defying the Gun Lobby

Sen. Joseph D. Tydings defied the gun lobby in the Maryland primary, and has a good chance of re-election in November. For years now, this special interest group has managed to intimidate most legislators. Tydings gave as good as he took, or better. He accused the gun lobby and its allies of "political extortion," "the big-lie technique," and of flooding Maryland with "slick publicity, half-truths, and deliberate lies in order to create the impression that my proposals are an effort to abolish hunting as a sport" (the Senator has been seeking to strengthen the Gun Control Act of 1968, which has many, and large, loopholes). Enough citizens agreed with him to pull him through the primary.

Despite the 1968 legislation, gun possession in the United States has reached fantastic proportions. Some 24 million hunting licenses are issued annually. This is the least menacing aspect; a certain number of hunters kill one another every year, but relatively few crimes are committed with "long guns"—that is, rifles and shotguns. Estimates of guns of all types owned in the United States range upward from 100 million; we are one of the most heavily civilian-armed nations in the world.

The appalling aspects of this wholesale ownership of lethal weapons are that a large percentage are handguns—pistols and revolvers—and that most of them are owned by people who have no training in their use. Some 24 million handguns are in the pockets of civilians, and most of the murders of both civilians and police officers are committed with them, not with the rifles of snipers, who get most of the publicity in the latter case. Yet despite the fact that the *illegal* possession of guns, including handguns, is increasing in the District of Columbia, and elsewhere for that matter, the Administration, which proposes to regulate the sale of explosives, maintains a remarkable silence on the subject of eliminating the deficiencies in the existing gun control legislation. It is against crime and all that, but it is not willing to stand up to the gun lobby.

The notion that criminals can always get guns, and that therefore honest citizens should have them, is a fallacy. In England and Wales, where there are tough gun control laws, only 6 per cent of robberies are carried out with guns, as compared with 37 per cent in the United States. Nor has it been proved that the public does not favor strict controls, especially of handguns. Not long ago, Dr. Edison Trickett at Stanford University pointed out that Gallup polls since 1938 indicate that "for three decades at least two-thirds, and more often about 75 per cent, of the American people have favored more stringent requirements of registration or licensing of guns or gun owners." The 25 to 30 per cent of the American people who oppose stricter gun control are "politically, psychologically and demographically a 'mixed bag,'" according to Dr. Trickett, whose training has been in psychiatry. The gun control lobby exerts power on the Congress, not necessarily on the electorate. If more legislators were willing, like Senator Tydings, to meet the issue head-on, the hypnotic effect of the gun lobby on the Congress might be dissipated. But as matters stand now, there is scant prospect of new and tougher gun control legislation of the type, for example, introduced by Rep. Abner Mikva, which would curb the handgun traffic.

LAOS:

THE 'PROFILE' LEAPS TO VIEW

ELIZABETH MARTINEZ
Miss Martinez (Elizabeth Sutherland Martinez) is editor of El Grito del Norte, *a newspaper of the Chicano movement, published in northern New Mexico. She is the author of a book on Cuba,* The Youngest Revolution *(Dial Press), and editor of* Letters from Mississippi *(McGraw-Hill).*

The Settha Palace Hotel in Vientiane, capital of Laos, is a strange hodgepodge of colonialisms and cultures. Parked in the entrance driveway between well-kept lawns stands a white Triumph convertible, its top down and red leather seats gleaming. The dark paneled walls behind the hotel's front desk are decorated with old KLM posters; at the desk itself stand one or two polite young clerks of Indian origin; the air-conditioned bar offers Muzak pop tunes in French, Spanish and English; the restaurant is called a Rathskeller and serves pizza. Laos is almost nowhere to be found.

As for the clientele, the hotel at first seems to have very few guests, but slowly more begin to be noticeable, very early in the morning and after dusk. They are all of a kind: stocky, crew-cut, blond and blue-eyed American men in their 30s or early 40s, keeping very much to themselves, without women or children. They are, it turns out, pilots for Air America. And it is the American colonial presence which dominates in Laos above all.

Like other Americans in the country in April 1970, the pilots were trying to keep what this Administration's jargon calls "a low profile." But that month, the profile leaped into view. The secret war being waged by the United

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States against the Lao people, the war in which Air America plays a key part, was no longer a secret. From the release of testimony given in hearings of a Senate subcommittee last fall, the folks at home learned that the United States had been waging war in Laos since 1962; that it was costing taxpayers some billions of dollars a year; that U.S. pilots were carrying out as well as directing bombing raids against almost exclusively civilian victims, with the U.S. Ambassador in Laos approving in advance each target selected.

But the impact of that information was not felt at the time in the United States. Key sections of the testimony were deleted from the version released, and then the invasion of Cambodia followed so quickly that Laos became dimmed from view. But in a long-range way, those revelations in the Senate may have been more important than the Cambodian action. For the "nonwar" in Laos suggests a pattern that the United States may follow—in Latin America, Africa, wherever—more often than it does the direct involvement of American ground troops, as in Vietnam and Cambodia. It has the huge advantage of costing only American dollars—and very few American lives—so that no storm of protest is likely to mount.

The Senate subcommittee testimony, together with information gathered elsewhere, forms a picture of one of the most inhuman and senseless adventures in American foreign policy to date. It appears, for example, that bombings of Lao civilians increased immensely after the air attack in North Vietnam halted in November 1968. Why? "Well," the U.S. Deputy Chief of Mission has told a journalist, "we had all those planes sitting around and couldn't just let them stay there with nothing to do."

U.S. presence in Laos, like its presence throughout Indochina, began before the French were finally defeated and left in 1954; after that year, however, it grew quickly. Laos was never considered a prize plum of the French empire, as can be seen by the neglect of Vientiane—a small, carelessly laid-out town with none of the broad avenues, massive stone buildings and pretty parks that the French put down in such favored centers as Hanoi. Though Laos exports wood and tin, it has never been plundered in the classic colonial way; the importance of the country to the imperialists has been mainly as a buffer between Thailand and Vietnam.

Laos is a nation of hungry peasants, but land is not the central point of popular discontent—only about 20 per cent of it is in the hands of big landowners. The ruling class is supported by trade and royal lineage—the commercial interests being tied first to the French and now to the Americans. Import duties are the main source of national income—and plenty of personal income, too. Corruption, nepotism, favoritism and abuse of power by the military were until recently the main grievances in town and country—Vientiane is said to have more whorehouses and opium dens than it has schools and hospitals combined. But during the past decade, a new factor in the oppression of the Lao people has been added: the American bombings.

The 1962 Geneva Accords recognized for Laos a coalition government of Right, Center and Left. The Pathet Lao (meaning "nation of the Lao") as the revolutionary forces are commonly called, were given four seats in the cabinet and the right-wing clique of royal, military and commercial elements another four seats. The balance of power lay originally with a group of "neutralists," but it soon lost all importance as the United States threw its support to the Right.

From 1964 to 1968, the Royal Lao Government and the Pathet Lao fought for control, with power swinging back and forth several times. About 40 per cent of the country came under Pathet Lao control. It was for the purpose of supporting U.S. forces in Vietnam and of keeping as much Lao territory as possible under its influence that the United States began to build up its military power and institutionalize its civil role in Laos. The Ho Chi Minh Trail (a narrow supply route running through southeastern Laos to the National Liberation Forces in South Vietnam) and the supposed presence of North Vietnamese troops in Laos served as excuses. But if there are such troops in Laos, President Nixon and other officials have at least quadrupled their numbers. Non-Communist observers estimate perhaps 5,000 Vietnamese troops in Laos—Nixon, in his March 1970 statement on Laos, said 67,000. Not only did he far exceed the estimates of even the U.S. military attachés in Vientiane but he never mentioned that 5,000 troops from Thailand alone are in Laos under American command.

The Royal Lao Government reluctantly allowed the U.S. military to begin doing as it pleased in exchange for U.S. economic aid, but at no time has any treaty or written agreement been made between the United States and Laos. This is a war directed by the President and the Pentagon, using agencies like the CIA that can be trusted to keep quiet.

At first, U.S. bombing of Pathet Lao-controlled territory—the liberated zones—could have been called tactical. But there was always the excuse that it is extremely difficult to pinpoint guerrilla targets in mountainous terrain of the sort held by the Pathet Lao, so that U.S. pilots and the Laotian Air Force pilots whom we pay were "forced" to bomb thousands of civilians in small villages. Then, in 1968, with the cessation of bombing of North Vietnam, the air war became what it has been for the past two years and is today: a saturation bombing campaign designed to demoralize civilians and to deprive the Pathet Lao of local food supplies and personnel. The Ho Chi Minh Trail is a supposed prime target, but this excuse for so much murder so far from the Trail has become a bad joke. A fifth or less of the sorties are carried out by the Laotian Air Force and even these have the services of U.S. spotter planes. It is an American war on Lao civilians.

But that war was not enough for Washington. To back it up, the United States created its own private army—the Armée Clandestine, led mainly by former members of the Special Forces employed in Laos by the CIA. The Armée Clandestine is part of an American-controlled supra-national army extending all over Southeast Asia and consisting of Asians. It is supplied and deployed by Air America, together with Continental Air Services. CIA babies, all.

And not satisfied with having its own army in Laos, the United States also set up its own government: a fat

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bureaucracy of which USAID is the foundation stone and which projects its control into every corner of the country, every area of life—rural development, industry, public works, health. IVS (International Voluntary Service) employees work alongside USAID staff, and together they provide intelligence to the CIA through their contacts with city and village Lao. From 1962 to 1970, the USAID budget ran about $50 million annually: the second highest per capita "aid" program in the world, South Vietnam's being first. The employees of this parallel government totaled almost 7,000 last year, of whom some 6,000 were Asians or other foreigners and the rest Americans.

The United States runs the nation of Laos. It is not a heavy task, given the elite and corrupt nature of the ruling class and the absence of fighting spirit in the Royal Lao Army, whose soldiers know they have nothing to gain from a government victory. In Laos, the United States is an invisible government directing a secret war—and it does so with the racism one might expect. The Armée Clandestine operates on the principle, "let Asians kill Asians." The civilian bureaucracy places Americans in top command, then a Filipino or Thai or some other Asian as the in-between boss, with Lao workers at the bottom—so that these last will resent not the American but their follow Asian. The U.S. military kills and wounds Lao, driving them from their homes to the desolation of refugee camps as if they were packs of dogs.

"The worst thing was the anti-personnel bombs," said an old man in one of these camps last April. "There were many people killed, many. And they used napalm, too. For two years, we lived in trenches and caves, hiding."

The camp, located about 30 miles from Vientiane, was "home" for about 2,350 people. Most had come last February 5, some had been relocated there from temporary settlement in another camp. About twenty of them were gathered now on the porch of the biggest building in the camp: a typically Lao frame house on stilts, sparsely furnished with a few mats, its openness relieving but slightly the blast-furnace noonday heat.

"We lived very well before, in our villages in the mountains," the old man explained. "I myself had thirty-two cows and ten water buffalo. We used to grow rice and vegetables, onions, ginger, garlic, greens. Here we cannot grow anything because we have no seed. We have asked the government and other villagers near here for seed, but nothing yet. The government gives us rice once a month—500 grams a day for each person. But now we have none, and we must wait ten days until it comes again." Asked how much they had had to eat before, the people gathered look baffled. Finally someone said simply: "We ate until we were full."

"The government officials come here in a car, look around and go away in their car," one man put in. Behind his back, on the wall of the house, hung a poster showing a smiling young man surrounded by an eager

San Francisco Chronicle

"You Mean We're All CIA Agents?"

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crowd of villagers. The Lao text on it said: "The role of the government employee is to come and help the villagers."

"A few of the men have temporary work as coolies, but no real jobs," the old man resumed. "And of course the Pathet Lao money which we have is worthless here." (In June 1969, the Pathet Lao had begun issuing currency in the liberated zones.) "The government promised to exchange it for the money on this side, but they haven't done it. Except for the rice, they haven't done anything for us except help us transport wood and grass for some of our buildings."

Another old man in the group seemed less interested in talking about camp conditions than about the Meo, the ethnic minority group from which the CIA has drawn many mercenaries to fight the Lao. He broke in repeatedly to say, "The Meo—they torture and kill"; or, "We have had many bad experiences with the Meo." Conflicts between the ethnic groups in Indochina are an ancient story and the United States has made the most of them—inciting hatred between groups, intensifying prejudice where it may have existed but in a mild form before, playing Asian against Asian.

The old man was talking again about conditions in the camp. "We have only one well, we cannot bathe," he said. "Two times since arriving here, we have received soap—one bar for every five families. There are many people sick."

And several children have died in the past few days, the people said. Walking through the camp later that afternoon, we came upon at least six homes where one or more children were suffering from an ugly skin infection on head and face. Accustomed to the cool of the highlands, many of the refugees could not adjust to the heat and dust of the plains around Vientiane—especially under the crowded conditions of the camp.

There was worse to be seen than disease. A small boy had only one finger remaining on his left hand; the others had been blown off in a bombing which killed his parents and sister. An older woman bore an ugly scar above her breast, where an anti-personnel bomb fragment had torn into the flesh. She and her husband had been walking home from their rice field after a day of transplanting when the planes came over. She made it to a ditch in time to live; he did not. In neither place was there any kind of military target, the people said.

The people of the camp also told how the young men in their villages had been impressed into service by the Armée Clandestine, in so-called self-defense units, while many of the older people were made to do coolie work. One boy of 14 had been drafted, wounded and then run away. His eyes retained the fearful look of someone who has seen too much too soon. These villagers were all from a remote area and uneducated, but they had one big word in their vocabulary—a new word for them: imperialism. The bombers of the United States had put it there, and their sympathy for the Pathet Lao was clear.

That seems to have been the main achievement of the American saturation bombing: to give the Pathet Lao popular support such as it has never enjoyed before. A few years ago, when the Pathet Lao went out to recruit from the villages, they might win over one in every three young men. Now their success was reportedly much higher.

While the refugees struggle to survive in such camps—and there are many of them, all full of displaced Lao who tell basically the same story—the American officials of Laos live in a never-never land of insulation and isolation. The story is told of one official who spent two years in Laos and managed never to set foot on Lao soil. He stepped out of his plane into an official car, was driven from there to his home in the American suburb (where a sentry stands guard, forbidding entrance to all Asians except servants and approved visitors), went from his home to his air-conditioned office every workday in another official car, had his drinks and movies at the USAID compound—and left the country eventually, taken to the airport in yet another piece of U.S. steel.

Even lesser American employees are notable for their privileges and isolation from everything local. If there is an American in a village, he will almost surely have the only electric generator around; his food will come from the PX; he will have access to resources unknown to the ordinary natives. The USAID compound in Vientiane is like a piece of Kansas City dumped on Asia, with its "Happy Hour" on Friday nights (when drinks in the bar are half price), its club for American women in Laos, its blond crew-cut kids piling in for the movie or waiting for the bus that takes them safely across Lao reality to that suburban home. Occasionally, couples venture into a hotel restaurant for dinner—the dressed-up women with bored, vaguely desperate faces and their husbands giving orders to Asian waiters in arrogant, cracker accents.

"Without America, there wouldn't be a Laos," said a general of the Royal Lao Army as he poured another glass of Scotch for his visitors. Lounging around the swimming pool were members of his family, along with a doctor and two pretty girls who worked at a local hospital. It was after dark and the lights of the general's big house glowed. The night was quiet; downtown Vientiane lay several miles away.

Just which Laos the general meant was clear enough. Inside the house, later, he offered more Scotch and a cigarette stand from which visitors could choose among a dozen brands—mostly American. The walls of the large reception room were covered with photographs of other generals, all relatives. This one was an amiable host, totally ingenuous about his own situation, the kind of person whom the Yankees would call "realistic" and "a guy you can deal with." Asked in a half-joking way what he thought would happen to him if the Pathet Lao gained control of the whole country, the general's round face broke into a wily grin. "I don't think they would have Scotch for me," he answered, and once again offered the cigarettes around.

"Without U.S. aid, the Royal Lao Government could not wage war," said the colonel. But this was a very different kind of Lao officer, serving not Scotch but orange soda and seated not by his private pool but in an obscure building next to the main market place of Vientiane. He was Col. Soth Petrassi, official representative of the Pathet Lao in the now mythical coalition government that dates back to 1962.

By all appearances, Colonel Soth seemed to be living

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in a state resembling house arrest. To see him, a visitor must first present a pass at the Royal Lao sentry box about 100 yards from the house. The guard, bland in manner and empty of expression, nods. Then comes a walk of some 50 or 70 yards to an entrance gate and a second guard: this one a young Pathet Lao, intense and deadly serious without being unfriendly. He disappears into the house for perhaps twenty minutes, then returns to say that Colonel Soth is available.

"Ours is a very long struggle," he starts his discourse. "First against the French, then the Americans. The essential goals of our struggle are peace, neutrality, independence, unity, prosperity. Neutrality means that we want to have peaceful coexistence with all countries. And we will oppose anyone who interferes with our internal affairs.

"Life in the liberated zones is very hard," he continues. "These areas have always been mountainous, landlocked and underpopulated. But now everything has been destroyed by the bombings, and all life must be conducted underground—the schools, factories, everything. All travel must be at night. But still, every village now has its own primary school and every province its secondary school, where there was much illiteracy before. Each ethnic group teaches its own and has great autonomy." Colonel Soth has not been in a liberated zone since 1962 and that long removal from the scene of conflict gives his precise French statements about the struggle a somewhat passionless tone.

His voice rises a trace when he begins to speak of the United States. "More and more, the United States is building up Japan as a tool of control. Of course it has long had its military bases there, as elsewhere in the Pacific. But now more and more Japanese merchandise is coming into the shops of Laos—every year, there is more. It's like giving a little opium to a man and gradually making him into an addict. Also, there are now more Japanese volunteer workers in Laos, as in the IVS, than Americans.

"Because of American aid, the imperialists can control everything. As I said, life in the liberated zones is hard. *But we are doing it ourselves.* And when a people work for themselves, they can work day and night without getting tired. Here in Vientiane, all building—everything being done—is from, and for, the outside. The Lao can do nothing without the Americans. Worse, they find themselves forced to do things they don't want to do. They are not masters of their own destiny. This part of Laos is a neo-colony."

Colonel Soth paused, smiled briefly and stood up; the interview was over. Back at the Settha Palace Hotel, a young American woman from a small town in Indiana was waiting. She wanted help in getting information on her husband, a bomber pilot who had been shot down over Laos. "It's all so stupid," she commented. "I don't know what we [meaning the United States] are doing here. . . ."

Asked if she had expressed that feeling to the Americans who administer the war, or to her friends back home, she looked dubious. "Well . . .," she said, ". . . people there just don't seem to care. You know?" □

HATFIELD-McGOVERN

AMBUSH ON THE HILL

JIM HIGHTOWER and VERNE NEWTON

Mr. Hightower and Mr. Newton spent this past summer in Washington, working for the McGovern-Hatfield Amendment to End the War. After the move into Cambodia, a committee was formed to organize efforts on behalf of the amendment in the House; Hightower, a former legislative aide to Senator Yarborough, was the coordinator for that committee. A similar committee was set up for the Senate, and Newton, former McCarthy Moratorium activist, was the liaison man between the two.

The British, who had no reverence for the American "system," marched unabashedly into Washington late in the summer of 1814. They routed the government, laid waste to the Capitol, put the torch to the President's Palace (as we called the White House in those early years), and otherwise sacked the seat of government.

Since that unhappy experience, the changing faces of power in Washington have erected a much better defense against siege by undesirables. The British were the last to go outside legitimate channels to achieve their political goals in Washington; they also were the last outsiders to score a major victory in the District. Subsequent sieges have been home-grown, within the system, and unsuccessful.

A quick thumb through the history book will recall those forgotten lectures on citizen groups assembling this side of the Potomac to petition for a redress of grievances. There was Coxey's Army, straggling into Washington in the spring of 1893, only to be confronted and sent scurrying by armed police. The Bonus Brigade lingered on the mud flats of the Anacostia River during the summer of 1932, but the U.S. Army was called out to do a job on these boys, and it did. In 1968, an all-around bad year, the Poor People's Campaign brought their life style and their misery to the source of power, where they were tolrated briefly and then ousted.

This summer had been the time of yet another historic siege on Washington by disorderly outsiders. The twin outrages of Cambodia and Kent State sent literally thousands of anguished Americans hurtling toward their capital in an ill-defined effort to "do something." Most of them were students—not the old Clean-for-Gene crowd or the Moratorium veterans but instantaneously politicized collegiates from more moderate ranks, including some of such unlikely stripe as cheerleader, fraternity man, and jock. With the students came impressive contingents of doctors, lawyers, businessmen, clerics, academics and other professionals. Unlike Coxey's Army, the Bonus Brigade and the Poor People's Campaign, this assortment of peace

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people was not forcibly expelled (this time), but just as surely they were turned back by an entrenched power structure.

The difference was one of tactics. Such an assembly could not be crudely stiff armed, for it was too respectable, its numbers were too large, and the political winds swirling about the issue were too stormy and uncertain. Congress was caught off guard by this siege of concerned citizens, but the representatives of the people rallied with a good countermove: they flung open their doors, put on a big smile, talked to the folks, and stalled for time. While individual Congressmen were praising the peace hordes for staying within the system and were assuring each peace advocate that his views were going to "weigh heavy" when the matter came to a vote on the floor, the Congressional establishment was making certain that the heat of the moment did not overwhelm either Congressional procedures or the glacial flow of Congressional business. In short, the tactic was not to brutalize the peace people but to grind them up in the slow deliberate movement of the legislative grist mill. It worked.

The people who came to Washington had a naive belief in the responsiveness of their democratic institutions. They came to legislate an end to the war. Their lobbying effort focused first on lining up support behind the McGovern-Hatfield Amendment to End the War. On the inside, staffers for liberal Senators were digging in to find out such critical information as what Aiken had said to Mansfield over breakfast; who could "get to" Hollings; and what Cooper's "problem" really was. On the outside, such student groups as Project Pursestrings, Continuing Presence in Washington, Academic Alliance, Movement for a New Congress, and literally dozens of other outfits sprouted like summer weeds to give some organizational focus to the meandering lobbyists.

Flow charts were constructed to determine what Senator Cook or Senator Yarborough was thinking "on this one." De-briefing forms, based on interviews of Senators by hundreds of students, were scrutinized and computerized. A good deal of time was spent comparing head counts:

> "I figure we're up to 37 yea's and 45 no's."
> "Yeah? I got 39 and 43, with 18 undecided."
> "How do you figure that?"

The impression of a Syracuse sophomore would set off a flurry of phone calls to answer, "*Is* Schweiker on, or *isn't* he?" It was not the stuff to make an IBM efficiency expert smile but it was honest work for a noble end. The Congressional establishment, however, viewed it all with cynical sufferance, for they knew whose hands were on the controls.

In those early days of May, when feelings were at a fever pitch and all of Washington was in frantic motion, Senator McGovern tapped out a telegram to the faithful, pledging a vote "within thirty days" on the McGovern-Hatfield amendment. Three months later they were still waiting. While McGovern was rallying the troops, Chairman John Stennis was making sure that the Military Procurement Bill was kept safely within his Senate Armed Services Committee—safe from McGovern's hasty desire to amend it on the floor.

By mid-June it was clear that the McGovern-Hatfield amendment was effectively stalled by those who manage the system. Nixon had hurriedly trumped up a victory in Cambodia and promised to get out before July 1. Many students were returning home—some to work for peace candidates; some to begin summer jobs. Several of the peace groups had disappeared; most of the others had moved at least once from quarters that had been leased for only a short term. The awesome momentum of May was waning fast.

At this point, attention shifted to the Cooper-Church amendment to the Foreign Military Sales Bill. This legislation to restrict the President's interventionist mentality offered a smaller prize than did McGovern and Hatfield, but it also offered a decent shot at a victory in the Senate. Buoyed by this possibility, the peace troops marched again. But, again, the Congressional establishment did not flinch, for they were prepared with a blockbuster. On the eve of the Cooper-Church victory in the Senate, a stunning discovery was made: the Congress is a bi-cameral body! Not just a narrowly divided Senate but also an overwhelmingly hawkish House would be involved in any legislation to end or to limit the war.

When confronted directly, the dovish pros in and out of the Senate would grudgingly admit that there was a co-equal body to be consulted on these matters. The pros felt doomed by this painful truth. Garrison Nelson has explained why in the August issue of *The Progressive*: "As currently constituted, the House is a fatal obstacle to the assertion of any meaningful peace initiative in the Congress of the United States."

The Nixon Administration was counting on this fact, and it sought to discount the Senate debate as so much grandstanding by self-appointed Presidential candidates. Herb Klein, the sometime mouth of the President, began to sell this line publicly late in May, when he told a television interviewer that the House "is really more representative of the public feeling at any given time. And the support for the President within the House . . . remains very heavy." It was about this time that Minority Leader Gerald Ford boasted that Administration backers would smash any anti-war bill in the House by a 3-to-1 majority.

But the real keepers-of-the-system in the House were not relying on anything so shaky as overwhelming hawkish sentiment among their colleagues. After all, the invasion abroad and the slayings at home had jolted the electorate and caused as yet unfathomable ripples in the House itself. The House peaceniks, of course, were screaming, but most upsetting were the dovish sounds from some moderates and the discomfort expressed by a few solid hawks. Clearly, the hawkish power structure was more than a match for this siege by the peace people, but there lingered the possibility of a vote that would be embarrassing to the Commander in the White House.

So, the ultimate weapon of the system was rolled out. That weapon had been created by Article I, Section 5, Clause 2, of the Constitution itself: "Each House may determine the Rules of its Proceedings. . . ." The rules of the House had been employed to turn back many a progressive threat in the past, and it was not expected that they would fail this time. Over the years since 1789, the House has evolved several volumes of rules, untold precedents and a number of peculiar devices. With these

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institutional mechanisms honed to a fine cutting edge and firmly within the grasp of the *status quo* forces, it no longer was necessary to bludgeon the heads of those undesirables who seek change within the system. It was only necessary to direct that system against them.

July 9 was to be a historic day in the House of Representatives. The Cooper-Church amendment had passed in the Senate and was now attached to the Foreign Military Sales Bill, which earlier had passed the House without such anti-war encumbrances. The bill now had to go to a Senate/House Conference Committee, and this was the day to appoint the House conferees. Along with those appointments came the opportunity to instruct the conferees as the House saw fit. It was the intention of optimistic doves in the House to instruct them to accept the Cooper-Church amendment.

There never had been a direct roll-call vote in the House on the war in Southeast Asia. After nearly a decade of undeclared war, after 50,000 Americans had died, after crippling and perhaps fatal divisions in our own society, after American prestige had plummeted in the world community, after tens of billions of dollars had been dumped, after a President had been forced out of office, and after another President had been elected to get this country out of Vietnam, the representatives of the people finally were to stand up and be counted. It was ludicrous, but it was to be momentous.

Predictably, the liberals were without any sort of cohesive attack. Dove leadership in the House is largely without focus—there is no "Mr. Peace," nor is there even an informal but identifiable band of peace strategists. Members tend to move pretty much on their own or in small, spontaneous groupings. Such groupings usually are thrown together at the last minute by whoever happens to be on the floor. It was not surprising, then, that the peace forces were ill-prepared when the Cooper-Church amendment loomed on the House floor for action. In fact, a strategy session on Cooper-Church was not held until July 6—after the bill already had passed the Senate and only three days before it was voted on in the House.

Worse still, the decisions taken in that session were not based on any hard assessment of real strength; when one member suggested that a whip check of the House might be made to see where the doves stood, he was blithely put off with this response: "Let's just take a vote on the floor, then we'll know where we stand." To grasp that run-it-up-the-flagpole attitude to an important piece of anti-war legislation, one must appreciate that doves in the House chafed for years without getting even a direct, recorded vote on the war, much less a victory. It was their view that a vote on the House floor, whichever way it went, would have precious little impact on the deliberations of the Conference Committee (textbook civics notwithstanding). So, the House peace forces marched hungrily, if blindly, into a vote.

They were immediately and systematically ambushed. In the first place, the Administration team took the obvious step of counting noses on the Cooper-Church issue. That tally showed all too painfully that the doves were doomed to a crushing defeat. With that assurance, the hawkish management of the House was willing—even eager—to let the measure come to the floor for action as soon as possible. Please understand, though, that if the doves had been shown to have any reasonable chance for an upset, the issue would have been kept away from the floor until the Administration had time to twist the arms off an adequate number of "misguided" wanderers.

But there still remained the nuisance and potential embarrassment of an open debate and a recorded vote. Of course this would not do, so the system was brought to bear on the doves who were attempting to work within it. House rules were trotted out, revealing that (*1*) only one motion to instruct conferees could be offered; and (*2*) that motion was the prerogative of the minority party in the House. By application of this rule, the initiative was deftly lifted from the hands of the doves and placed in the hawkish talons of Minority Leader Ford. The House establishment was now in a position to "deal."

Through the "good offices" of Speaker-to-be Carl Albert, it was arranged that the doves would be allowed to have one hour of debate on the war. Then, a Republican dove would be allowed to offer the motion to instruct the House conferees to accept the Cooper-Church amendment. After an hour's debate on this motion, the Nixon squad would move to table the motion; they would win under this scheme. There would be a debate, but there still would be no direct vote on the war, and the conferees would remain free to be recalcitrant when they met with the Senate conferees. It was an agreement designed to be minimally acceptable to the doves, but it was all they could hope for. At least they would debate.

On July 9, the stage was set for enactment of this farce. Peace people in Washington and across the country turned their attention toward the House floor. Summer interns, many anxious to see the fruition of several weeks of anti-war work, were standing in line outside the House galleries, hoping to see one of the great democratic institutions respond to their concerns. It was a big day for the Congressmen too. They showed up, several hundred strong (today, instead of a Congressman's speech going unheeded in an empty chamber, it would go unheeded in a full chamber). There was more jocular horseplay than usual, more laughter, and a much higher decibel rating. The floor of this august, deliberative body had all the solemnity of a Shriners' convention. Most of the members present were not sure what was going to happen, but they were prepared to move on signal from their floor commanders. For the hawks, that meant Ford or Albert; for the anti-war forces, Rep. Don Fraser had been designated.

Ford obviously loved his role, and he appeared to fantasize within it. He stood at the aisle, with a bold, determined look. Was he John Wayne at the Alamo, or had he slipped back to those lost years, too long ago, when he was an all-American football player at Michigan? At one moment "Big Gerry" was in animated conversation with a team player or gesturing across the chamber to one of his boys on the Democratic side; at another moment he was laughing, backslapping, or otherwise getting the lads "up" for this "big one." The *status quo* is Ford's turf, and by God, he and the boys were going to hold it against the charging peace gang.

Once the action got under way, it was immediately clear that the Nixon-Albert-Ford arrangement with the peace forces was not being honored. Under the rules of the fix, "Doc" Morgan, who was floor manager of the Foreign

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"You'd Think They'd Let Us Crawl at Our Speed"

Military Sales Bill, had control of the debate and was to recognize the doves. He did not do so. Morgan said he had "no desire to use any time" and that there had "been no request for any time," so he moved to terminate debate. The doves were flabbergasted. Since Fraser was standing literally inches from Morgan, flailing his arms in an attempt to be recognized, it is obvious that Morgan deliberately and maliciously ignored the peace forces in a bald effort to stifle any debate on the war. Some 247 establishmentarians voted with Morgan to shut off debate. The doves mustered 143 votes on this nondebatable motion.

But the anti-war advocates still had a chance for their debate because of the agreement to let a Republican dove offer the motion to instruct. That Republican then would be allowed to control half of an hour's debate on his motion. Ford had tapped Rep. Donald W. Reigle, Jr. of Michigan for this honor.

Don Reigle is bright and capable, but he also is brash and given to outbreaks of hardheadedness. This is not a combination to endear you to the House establishment. Reigle had tromped on some powerful toes, and he was not widely popular in the House. Thus Ford's selection of Reigle to carry the ball was a calculated move to minimize the impact that such a motion might have. For example, Captain Ford could have handed the ball to Rep. Bradford Morse, who is a mid-ranking Republican on the Foreign Affairs Committee, a dove, and a more "acceptable" personality. It is just another small example of how the system is cynically manipulated by and for those who are in charge. Sadly, this manipulation succeeded.

As soon as Reigle had offered his motion, Rep. Wayne Hays, an Ohio Democrat, rose for a parliamentary inquiry. If there is to be an hour's debate, Hays wanted to know, "who will control the time." Speaker McCormack replied that Reigle would. Hays shot back: "I offer a motion to table." Pandemonium on the floor. A motion to table takes precedence over a motion to instruct, and it is not debatable. Hays apparently had such a powerful dislike for Reigle that he was not about to let him have even this brief moment in the sun. A big smile spread across Ford's properly tanned face.

Albert, looking more pouty and frustrated than usual, led the charge on Hays. After a few frantic seconds, Hays was recognized again: "Mr. Speaker, I have been prevailed upon to attempt to withdraw my motion." Now, it is unforgivable naïveté to think that Albert had any sympathy for the doves or that he seriously wanted the House to have a debate on the most important issue of the decade (Albert is a consistent hawk and would vote against the doves on this day, too). Rather, as Majority Leader and as the future Speaker, Albert is supposed to exercise some control over his own party. When a deal is made—even a deal with doves—it should stick. Hays had taken Ford's bait, the fix came unglued, and Albert looked bad. It was not the stuff of leadership.

Hays's motion to table could be withdrawn only if there was unanimous consent to do so. McCormack asked if there was objection to the motion. Republican and Democratic hawks gleefully climbed over one another to make known their objection. It is difficult to tell these Republi-

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crats apart—they all seem to have Rotarian facial features, they dress in shades of gray, and they move with ease on either side of the aisle. These sycophants of the system did not even wait for Gerry Ford to pull their string; like a pack of wolves, they knew their victim was helpless, and they moved instinctively for the kill, shouting, "Objection! Objection!" Thus Albert and the doves were stuck with Hays's motion to table. It passed 237 to 153. And that was it. Vietnam, Cambodia, Kent State—all systematically sidestepped by the House in a matter of minutes.

What are thousands of citizen lobbyists and millions of concerned Americans to think of this callous disregard for their effort to affect policy from within the system? How can they square the civics book promises with what had just happened? Who were these men who pretended to be representatives and decision makers, and what was this body that billed itself to wide-eyed tourists as "a model for justice in government"? Rep. Allard Lowenstein, an articulate and genuinely concerned liberal, keeps asking his ıdiences this rhetorical question: "Is democracy a racket?" Surely he got an answer on July 9, when he and his dovish colleagues had the democratic system smashed over their heads.

During the parliamentary maneuverings on the floor, a middle-aged woman from Texas came into the gallery and sat next to an anti-war student, who obviously was engrossed in the proceedings. This friendly tourist, who was pleased to be allowed a glimpse of her Congress in action, turned to the student after a few minutes and asked rather earnestly: "Is this what you aspire to?" With only a quick glance away from the spectacle below, the student replied matter of factly: "Lady, the only aspiration I have where this body is concerned is to blow it up."

Fortunately, this Texas visitor did not shriek or call the guards. In further conversation, she admitted some dormant peace inclinations of her own. At that point, she spied her Congressman, Jim Wright, and said proudly that she was going to see him later. The student urged her to tell Wright that he should oppose the war.

"Oh," she asked, "Don't you think he's against the war?"

"Ma'am, in the time you have been sitting here, he's voted for the war twice."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "is that what they're talking about down there?" □

Product Safety: Nobody's Business

TOM STANTON
Mr. Stanton is a member of Ralph Nader's Public Interest Research Group.

Discussions of product safety evoke memories of stern warnings to be careful so you won't get hurt. "Carelessness" and "accidental" are the terms frequently used to describe the injurious events. The recently published *Hearings* and *Final Report* of the National Commission on Product Safety (NCPS) indicate that the problem is considerably more related to corporate power and product design than is recognized by the conventional wisdom of the safety establishment.

Each year, in incidents involving the use of household products, 20 million Americans are injured seriously enough to be disabled for at least one day or to require medical treatment. This includes 585,000 who are hospitalized, 110,000 who are permanently disabled, and 30,000 who are killed.

Specific examples may give a better feel of the problem. Each year about 60,000 people, most of them children, are seared by the hot floor grilles of gas-fired floor furnaces. These grilles reach a temperature of about 400° F., or the temperature of cooking meats. When a child attempts to remove himself from the grille, he often manages to burn himself again. The burns are generally second or third degree, often imprinting the child for life with a waffle pattern of scars.

On July 16, 1958, an official of the U.S. Public Health Service Accident Prevention Service notified the industry of the alarming incidence of these burns. Five days later, Mr. R. E. Cramer of the American Gas Association (AGA) Laboratory responded that there was no accurate documentation of the extent of such injuries and that it was impossible to modify the furnaces.

In 1961, an article in the *New England Journal of Medicine* provided further evidence. Again, the industry was put on notice and again it demanded more data. Massive documentation came in 1964 when Dr. Julian Waller reported in the *Journal of Pediatrics* on a study of 11,000 children treated in a fourteen-year period under the Oakland, Calif., Permanent Medical Plan Clinic. Dr. Waller found that one out of every five burns suffered by children in this group had resulted from contact with a floor furnace. This percentage was exceeded only by scalds. Significantly, a third of the floor-furnace burns produced multiple injuries—more often than with any other type of burn. Almost 90 per cent were second- or third-degree burns. The industry, again, was unresponsive.

The National Commission on Product Safety decided to test the industry contention, expressed in a letter from C. George Segeler of AGA in August 1959, that "I doubt whether it would be desirable or practical to discontinue the AGA approval of floor furnaces because of benefits brought to the user from control over the other phases of floor furnace performance." For a total fee of $800 the commission retained a fourteen-man research group, Weiner Associates, Inc., to investigate possible remedies of the hazard which would not significantly impair the cost competitiveness or performance of the gas-fired floor furnace. In three weeks Weiner Associates developed three such solutions! As of this writing, AGA has engaged Mr. Weiner to study this problem more extensively, but has not yet amended the standard which allows grille tem-

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peratures up to 350° above room temperature, or about 420°.

What is especially shocking about such a history as this is the complacent assumption underlying it that industry self-regulation has been of good service to the public. Thus the first vice president of the American Gas Association cheerfully concluded his presentation to the commission with the comment: "Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen: AGA feels that it has established a good public record for private industry in the field of products safety. We have operated on the theory and, we think, conclusively demonstrated, that protection of the public is good business." Since 60,000 members of that public are burned every year by AGA-certified floor furnaces, approximately 160 were seared and possibly branded with the mark of an AGA-certified floor furnace on the very day that AGA was praising its fine record.

AGA operates two testing laboratories with a total capital expenditure of more than $2 million in 1968 alone. These labs made approximately more than 3,500 test reports in 1967. From 85 per cent to 90 per cent of all gas appliances and accessories sold in the country bear the AGA Blue Star, the seal indicating conformity with industry standards. But somehow, despite the millions of dollars spent, the thousands of tests made, the gas industry was unable to discover answers to the hot grille hazard which a tiny research group managed to find in three weeks.

The fact is that industry is not particularly interested in safety questions and manufacturers have no immediate incentive to learn how many people are killed or injured by their products. Thus, for example, the representative of the American Bicycle Manufacturers Association could tell the commission with a straight face that "The new style, or high-rise bike, is no less safe than any of its predecessors." This was said notwithstanding an outbreak of accidents, called an epidemic in a study made by Dr. T. R. Howell, suffered by riders of currently fashionable bicycles designed with small front wheels, banana seats and high-rise handle bars.

An even more serious example comes, again, from the gas appliance industry. Industry representatives appearing before the commission cited the fact that from 1963 to 1968 those companies carrying insurance made payments totaling only $500 on claims arising from injury due to unvented room heaters. In those five years only eight claims for injuries from that cause had been reported to the industry representatives. Yet the medical director of a single county in Tennessee told the commission that carbon monoxide deaths from unvented gas heaters had averaged 9.1 per year for the past several years in Memphis alone. The witness made the hypothetical projection that in the United States as a whole some 2,600 people may die annually because of carbon monoxide poisoning from unvented gas heaters. One industry representative conceded that an industry committee has been working on a safety standard for some forty years, but he was unaware that in the 1963-68 period there had been more injuries and deaths than the eight reported.

Finally, many manufacturers are aware of the injuries their products cause, but are content to do nothing more than defend in the infrequent personal-injury lawsuit that may arise. As reported by Dean Thomas O'Toole, of Boston's Northeastern Law School:

> In a field not covered by this Commission, I once had occasion to discover the methods by which a major manufacturer disposed of product liability claims. This company's reaction apparently was to have claims thoroughly investigated, a file on the case carefully preserved, and then do nothing by the way of responding to the consumer's complaints unless and until a suit was filed. In this manner seven out of every ten claims were buried forever. One might say that the seven claims which were not pursued were perhaps unfounded. Certainly, these are likely to be the cases in which the injuries are less serious than in those cases which are filed in court. But the fact remains that a significant number of consumers who at one point ascertained that they had been the victims of defective products never had a hearing.

Faced by this type of industry inactivity, the commission came to a conclusion that is almost mild: "As related to product safety, self-regulation by trade association and standards groups, drawing upon the resources of professional associations and independent testing laboratories, is legally unenforceable, and patently inadequate."

After thorough study, the commission has made a number of serious recommendations, including a proposal for creation of the Federal Consumer Safety Agency. Industry has not been pleased by this and other aspects of the commission's work. The response of the executive director of the Outdoor Power Equipment Institute shows how the manufacturers operate within their own channels. Upon receipt of the NCPS questionnaire concerning efforts to improve product safety, this prominent industry leader sent a warning letter to other members of the trade, noting that "These questionnaires were to be sent to 1,000/2,000 companies whose products were believed

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to have a high injury rate." He termed the form a "monstrosity" and provided advice as to minimal compliance. He concluded this revealing letter with the comment that "both [trade associations] received association questionnaires and we answered them in February but did not give out much information." What is especially repellent about this letter is its contrast with the writer's performance before the commission, where he responded to a request for additional information with: "Whatever you want, just let us know . . . we will be delighted to do this."

Industry often uses less subtle methods. One contractor for the Product Safety Commission conducted a study of the safety-related design features of hardware tools. The contractor had planned to visit local retail stores to examine specific products and to interview sales and service personnel familiar with each product. However, as he stated: "Because of recent events in which considerable attention has been focused on the inadequacies of consumer products, some members [of the survey team] met considerable resistance from retailers during this survey of home products. It is apparent that many major manufacturers and retail outlets have decided, either individually or collectively, that it is not good for business to cooperate with any government-sponsored investigations of product safety. Although it was thought this resistance might be local, a number of chain stores were involved, suggesting widespread resistance across the country."

The Hearst Co., publishers of *Good Housekeeping*, attempted to lobby with commissioners to induce NCPS to stop the unfavorable publicity. As one commissioner angrily noted, such action was "highly improper." It is difficult to understand such activities except in terms of a concerted effort to continue to make profits and let the public take the cuts and bruises. Given repeated demonstrations of such callous disregard for human life, the commission's call for strict government activity was not unexpected. If the NCPS report becomes useless verbiage it will be because of the strenuous efforts of an irresponsible corporate sector working on an indentured government. □

CAN A NICE GUY WIN IN KANSAS?

JOHN D. GARWOOD
Mr. Garwood is professor of economics and Dean of the Faculty at Fort Hays Kansas State College.

They gathered Thursday evening, all twenty-four of them, in the empty store building next to the Brass Rail in Hays, Kan. The Fort Hays Kansas State College faculty members and students were there to listen to Congressional Democratic candidate, Dr. Bill Jellison, of the Big First District. A Democrat for six weeks, Jellison was attempting to unseat conservative freshman Republican Rep. Keith Sebelius, who is cut in the traditional western Kansas mold of Sen. Robert Dole. Jellison, Republican, City Commissioner and Dean of Students at Fort Hays Kansas State College, leaped into the First District race with both feet by switching parties in June and, backed by students, he has been combing the fifty-two western counties in Kansas for votes.

The mercury touched 106, Thursday, July 30, a new record for Hays. The air in the store building was stove hot. The sweaty T-shirted students slouched on the folding chairs, eyes on the candidate. Three economics professors in knit shirts chain-smoked and listened. A balding go-go, Oberlin economics teacher from Kansas Wesleyan, had a briefcase full of statistics on Sebelius' voting record in Congress. It was similar to that of western Kansas Republican candidates for the last twenty years. A young political science professor from the college, fresh from the University of Virginia, was there to organize the campaign.

The candidate, golf-trim, young-looking, was a month in the campaign. His broad smile had tightened up. He sat heavy-eyed, serious, his tanned face flushed with fatigue and concern. In the past month he had discovered for himself what every Democrat in western Kansas knows—they are considered fair game for Republicans.

"I need money," he said, "I've been off my job for a month, but my family still has to live. I've been promised enough to live on, plus some money for the campaign. None of it has come in. It will, I am sure, but I need it now. If I had $100,000 I think I could promise you we would win. I've been spending all my time talking to people. I don't have any wealthy men backing me. They are all backing Keith—I suppose for good reason."

Was Democratic Governor Docking going to help him? Yes, where he could. He had referred to Jellison five times in a speech in west Kansas last week.

Would the National Democratic Party help finance him? They are already in debt; it would be difficult to get money here.

Is there a big issue? The farm problem is the economics of western Kansas.

One of the economists asked about Nixon's protective tariffs against Japanese imports. They don't care about tariffs in Sharon Springs, Jellison said. High interest rates, however, hit everyone. Need to get this idea sharpened up. The higher rates came with the Administration.

What about publicity? The Hays paper had good coverage on the candidate's comment on the farm problem. Most of the other papers didn't carry it. The *Wichita Eagle* ignored it.

When had he decided to run for office? When he was 9 years old. He had always wanted to be in politics. He was 43 years old now, and with or without money there would never be a better time.

Yes, he felt comfortable as a Democrat. He had disagreed with the Republicans for the last ten years. The Democrats were more willing to help people than the Republicans. For the past nineteen years, his life had been one of helping students with their problems.

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How does he see the incumbent? He's a man who will do all the little jobs his constituents ask of him and he'll do them for twenty years if we let him. Not capable of constructive big thinking.

The Big First, as it is called in the western half of the state, covers fifty-two of the 105 counties in Kansas. It is about the size of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey and Delaware added together. Approximately 400,000 people live there, about 1.3 per cent of the people living in the seven states listed above. The state was redistricted in 1960, when Kansas lost a Congressional district. The Republican state legislature hacked out the First with a gerrymandering meat ax which made sure that the eastern border of the First excluded Hutchinson, a town with Democratic leanings. The Big First is considered "safe" by the GOP.

The largest town in the Big First, Salina, population 47,500, only 22 miles west of Eisenhower's Abilene, sits on the eastern edge of the district. West of Salina, wheat and range land stretch to the Rockies. This was once the land of Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok, Buffalo Bill, Marshal Dillon and Festus. They sell a lot of cowboy boots in Dodge City, in the southwest corner of the district. You can drive for a fourth tank and never pass a gas station as the range land rolls away from the black top, mile after mile with no fences.

There are no black ghettos, air pollution, strong unions or many beards in the Big First. People in western Kansas are cut from a pattern different from those living in Topeka. They live in small, dusty, elevator-dominated prairie towns where there's lots of room to turn around. Thrift, hard work, individual endeavor, free enterprise, and church on Sunday are virtues the prairie bankers preach when they create deposits for their borrowers. The sober, granite-faced bankers with sharp pencils set the tone on Main Street. Loans are called on radicals. Business, church, Farm Bureau and party are wrapped in one package. They live by Adam Smith, as modified by federal agricultural payments.

Western Kansas has long been the burial ground for the state's Democrats. They die with their boots on, guys in black hats, gunned down by law and order. Can a Democrat win a Congressional election in the Big First? None has done so since the district was carved from the fifty-two western counties. Republican Sen. Robert Dole represented the district in Congress from 1960 to 1968. Keith Sebelius picked up the office in 1968.

Republican thought in the Big First is an amalgam of the thinking of oil interests, big agriculture, the Farm Bureau, small-town banking, public utilities, Chamber of Commerce and Hoss Cartwright. Can a Democrat and an admitted nice guy win in western Kansas? The incumbent, Keith Sebelius, beat Democrat George Meeker by about 5,000 votes in 1968. In the past, 39 to 42 per cent of those who voted were in the nine largest counties, and in four of the last six elections, 1958-68, those nine counties went Democratic. In 1968, Sebelius polled 53 per cent of the votes in the forty-three smallest counties, carrying twenty-four of them.

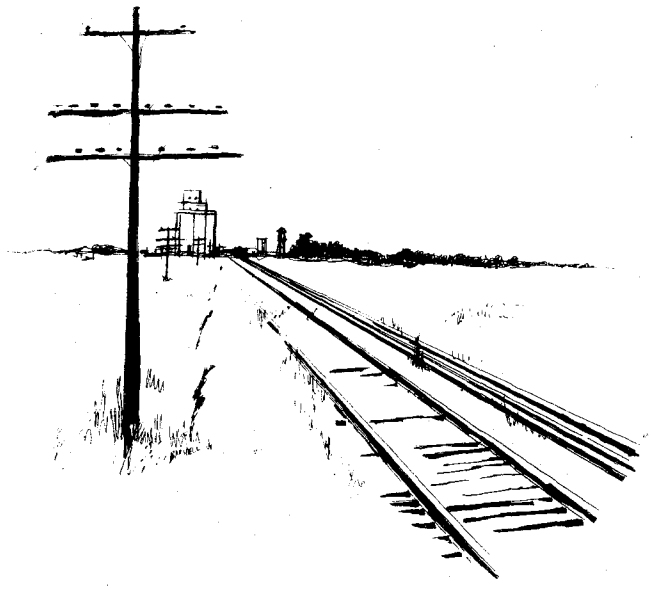
If the incumbent does as well in 1970 as he did in 1968 in the small forty-three counties, he will get 42,000 votes to Jellison's 37,000. In the nine largest counties a "normal" Republican vote would be 28,300, while a "normal" Democratic vote would be 25,750. Jellison needs 33,500 votes in the key nine, or 7,750 more than in 1968, to offset the likely Republican margin in the smaller counties. In off years, voting in the Big First has averaged about 75 per cent of voting in a Presidential year.

Former state legislator for eight years, city and county attorney, past state president of the American Legion, Sebelius has touched all the bases. His 1970 membership in the House Agricultural Committee makes good reading in Garden City, Kan. In 1958 he was defeated in the primary by Republican Rep. Wint Smith by only fifty-one votes; in 1960 he succumbed to Bob Dole in the primary by 982 votes. He will have plenty of campaign funds and the blessing of Senator Dole for the run this fall. He is a Nixon Republican and goes down the line for the Administration.

Backed by many of the college students in the western half of the state, challenger Jellison is easily the most attractive candidate the Democrats have been able to put forward in twenty years. Articulate, friendly, intelligent, he hopes to appeal to the voters as qualified to represent the Big First at a time when change is demanded in the country. No lawyer, he offers mental quickness, coupled with a feel for the human equation in society.

His immediate problem is to show himself to the residents of the district; they number about five per square mile. Somehow, before November, he must communicate to them that he is more than just a "nice guy," that a Congressman need not be a lawyer, that all professors are not affiliated with long-haired forces of evil, and that what is good for Central Kansas Power and the Kansas Banking Association is not necessarily good for the owner of the IGA store or the school janitor in Great Bend.

As dean of students, Jellison established a rapport with students. They see in the campaign an opportunity to influence decision making on a national scale. Although he must have their support, Jellison must be careful not to



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present himself to the voters of the Big First as the students' candidate.

Republican officeholders customarily return to the district under a covering barrage of TV, radio and newspaper releases. They confer with the power centers of the district at dinners and luncheons, then jet back to Dulles and their newsletters to the home folks. They pay for the elections, but they don't buy landslides.

Democratic political expertise in Washington sees the Big First as one of twenty districts in the country where a Democratic candidate is given an excellent chance to upend a Republican incumbent. The Big First is the only district of the five in Kansas where that is true.

New Democrat Jellison, and his student canvassers, are hitting the hot, dusty fairs of western Kansas, smiling, shaking hands, distributing his picture, riding in the parades. It goes on from 5 A.M. to midnight, most days.

In the Big First the farmer is the king. Jellison has attacked Sebelius fiercely for his vote to kill the coalition farm bill and his support of the Administration-backed bill, which he says will result in a drop of farm income by at least 5 per cent—a dime lower support price of wheat, which will cause many small farmers to lose their farms.

But the central issue in the Big First is more than the price of wheat. It concerns a questioning of the district's traditional wisdom, a difference in life styles, a campus probe of Main Street for the first time in western Kansas, a spawning of a movement akin to John Gardner's "third force" in the academically arid Great Plains. The discontent of the western Kansas wheat farmers calls to mind the Populist movement of the 1890s, when the farmers of the West fought the Establishment for economic justice. In Kansas, Jellison is a man to watch. □

CAN A RICH GUY LOSE IN TEXAS?

WILLIAM W. HAMILTON, Jr.
Mr. Hamilton, an editor at large for the Texas Observer, *was formerly press secretary to Sen. Ralph Yarborough.*

Austin

After nearly two years of glum seclusion at his ranch in the central Texas hills, Lyndon B. Johnson is rolling out of retirement to help elect to the Senate Lloyd M. Bentsen, Jr., a conservative Democrat whose expensive TV blitz on non-issues like bussing and public school prayer snatched the primary election from Ralph Yarborough, chairman of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee and liberal commando in Texas political warfare for two decades. Should Bentsen win in November, the powers which pushed Johnson to national prominence will once again be back in the saddle in Austin and Washington.

Since LBJ's retirement from office, the Texas business establishment has groused that its interests are being poorly represented in Washington. For "Texas interests," read the oil and gas industry, General Dynamics and other defense contractors, the big insurance firms, the Houston-based construction giant of Brown & Root, the financial institutions of Dallas and Houston, and the monolithic daily press which is the mouthpiece for the state Democratic Party's right wing. In the days when the late Sam Rayburn ruled as Speaker of the House of Representatives, while Johnson ran things across the way as Senate Majority Leader and then as Vice President and finally, President, moneyed Texans found Washington a warm and friendly place.

Even with Lyndon gone and the GOP in power, Texans control four of the twenty-one House committee chairmanships. The "vacuum" they now deplore is in the Senate where, since LBJ moved on, Texas Torycrats have had to deal with Sen. John Tower, a Republican, or the maverick Yarborough. Tower scurried to make friends with these like-thinking folks and no doubt made

Back in the Swim Dallas News

inroads, but most Texas conservatives still see themselves as Democrats. They like Agnew's tough talk, but their aim is to preserve a controllable, one-party state political structure. Thus men like former Govs. John B. Connally and Allan Shivers show up every four years at Democratic National Conventions, twist the arms of the Daleys and Kennedys and Humphreys, and then return home to weigh what concessions they won before deciding how to vote in November. Shivers, while governor, led a national Democrats for Eisenhower movement in 1952 and 1956, and played a similar role for the Nixon-Agnew ticket in 1968. Connally was officially for Humphrey last time, but he did nothing in the campaign and is said by Jules Witcover, in a new book on the turmoil of 1968, to have secretly aided the Republicans.

Lloyd Bentsen, however, will not tempt the Texas money crowd to jump political fences. He is their man, a close friend of the Connallys and is distantly related,

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by marriage, to Mrs. Lyndon Johnson. Bentsen was silent in the 1968 national election, although his wife had been Democratic National Committeewoman for Texas. A Bentsen uncle—and they are a close-knit family, cooperating in political and financial matters—poured funds into the Nixon campaign. Candidate Bentsen is heir to a fortune made by buying and selling south Texas ranch and citrus land. His family also operates hotels, banks and farming interests, so that the Bentsens are kingpins in the somewhat feudal society of the Texas Rio Grande Valley.

As is the pattern among the Texas rich, "Big Lloyd" sent his son to the University of Texas Law School to get a good education. Young Bentsen then returned to Hidalgo County where he entered business with his dad. At 25, he ran for county judge and won an election in which few voted. Thanks to the poll tax and other discouragements, the Mexican-American majority of the county, many of them illiterate farm workers, were disenfranchised. The Bentsens today are not popular among their Spanish-speaking neighbors, who see them as among those who have exploited Mexican *bracero* and illegal "wetback" laborers to keep wages low. Bentsen lost his home county to Yarborough in the spring primary.

After a four-year term as judge, Bentsen ran for Congress in 1949 and became, at 29, one of the youngest men in the House of Representatives. Besides tending to the interests of growers in his district, he spoke out for using the atomic bomb in the Korean War, called for universal military training, and defended the use of wetback labor throughout the Southwest. *The Texas Observer* recently unearthed a Bentsen speech in which he urged the United States to "train Japanese, Chinese Nationals and West Germans, help Franco's Spain and anyone else who looks like they will fight Communist aggression. . . . We had better take friends where we find them and worry about their table manners later." When Joe McCarthy was censured by the Senate, Congressman Bentsen told a Texas newspaper that he felt compelled "to increase our effort to ferret out the reds." Bentsen opposed federal anti-discrimination laws for employers and generally sided with the Dixiecrats on civil rights.

In 1954, still young, he quit Congress to make money. With his father's help he set up Lincoln Consolidated in Houston, a many-tentacled holding company which controls stock in six Texas banks, insurance, farming, oil, gas and other interests. When he decided to run for the Senate early this year, Bentsen resigned from the boards of directors of Lockheed Aircraft Corp., Continental Oil Co., Panhandle Eastern Pipeline Co., Trunkline Gas Co., and a Houston bank. He also sold 1,000 shares of Lockheed stock, even though it was depressed because of the company's $600 million cost overrun on the C-5A jet transport.

Money seemed to be no obstacle in Bentsen's primary campaign. Beginning with low-key radio and TV commercials in February, he stayed on the airways right through to the May 2 election. About April 1, he came down hard on Yarborough—charging him with representing "Eastern labor bosses" and with compiling a record which, in its liberalism, was "un-Texan." But not until the last two weeks of the campaign did Bentsen's big guns begin to fire, and only then did he seem to pose a serious threat to Yarborough. In those final weeks the Bentsen campaign focused exclusively on three emotional subjects—violence, bussing and prayer in public schools.

A TV program called *Violence 60* neatly showed Yarborough endorsing Eugene McCarthy for President and then showed the 1968 rioting in Chicago by "Eugene McCarthy's supporters"; it told of Yarborough endorsing the 1969 anti-war Moratorium in Washington, while showing films of a militant handful breaking windows in the capital. The impact was devastating, especially on low-income and rural voters, among whom riots and student uprisings are least understood and most scary, pumped in as they are by the network newscasts every evening at supper time. Tied to the bussing question (Bentsen said Yarborough had "ducked out" on votes on several anti-bussing amendments offered by Dixie Senators) and to the "prayer question" (Yarborough opposed the Dirksen amendment on prayer in public schools, as did the Southern Baptist Convention), the TV onslaught swamped Yarborough, whose confident campaign was based on polls and intuition which, until the last few days, showed him well ahead. Bentsen got 53 per cent of the 1.5 million votes cast, an average turnout for Texas Democratic primaries. The Republican primary drew only 110,000 voters and was won easily by Rep. George Bush of Houston, a silk-stocking conservative who was President Nixon's choice to oppose Yarborough.

When Yarborough conceded, Bentsen and his campaign team, headed by LBJ's press secretary George Christian, called for party unity. Yarborough said sourly that he would hold his nose and vote a straight ticket, and discouraged a write-in campaign on his behalf. Bush and the Republicans had counted on the support of the conservative establishment in a race against Yarborough, but when the smoke cleared their campaign script was manifestly inappropriate. While Bush partisans frantically sought audiences with labor and minority leaders, as well as with Yarborough aides, some of the Yarborough troops rolled quickly into a strategy of their own, setting up the Democratic Rebuilding Committee, which announced as its goals not only the defeat of Bentsen but the electoral overthrow of Democratic Gov. Preston Smith as well.

The group draws its name from a quote attributed to the late John Kennedy (in the book, *A Thousand Days*, by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.). Discussing the 1960 Massachusetts Senatorial candidacy of his political foe, Foster Furcolo, JFK is quoted as saying: "Sometimes party loyalty asks too much. Nothing can be done until it [the party] is beaten—badly beaten. Then there will be a chance of rebuilding." The Texas liberals who make up the Democratic Rebuilding Committee attribute Yarborough's defeat, and most of the state's political ills, to the tenacity of the one-party system. They say that until Texas becomes a functioning two-party state in which conservatives identify with the Republican Party, liberals have no future in the Democratic Party.

"Texas is the largest one-party state in the nation," says Tom Bones, a former Yarborough staff member who heads the committee's small Austin headquarters. "The result of that one-party system was the defeat of Senator

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Yarborough, and as long as 93 per cent of the Texas electorate turns out in the Democratic primaries in the future, Yarborough Democrats will continue to lose." The committee seeks contributions from both Democrats and Republicans, but maintains an independent political posture attuned to the 724,000 voters who supported Yarborough.

"We are playing a percentages game," said Bones. "Most of the men and women who voted for Yarborough are Democrats, who vote a straight ticket in November. We hope to convince a substantial number to go to the polls this year and vote for Bush and Paul Eggers (the Republican candidate for governor), and we hope that those who can't bring themselves to vote Republican will choose some other means of protest—a boycott of the Senatorial and gubernatorial races, a write-in for Senator Yarborough, or just go fishing." The committee opposes Governor Smith, a lackluster conservative from west Texas, even though he is at odds with the Connally-Bentsen wing of the party because, according to Bones, he is a product of the same one-party system. "The governor traditionally controls the party machinery in Texas," said Bones. "Only by defeating Smith can we dismantle that machinery."

The committee points to Virginia's election of GOP Gov. Linwood Holton last year as an example of how liberals and Republicans, working together, can end one-party politics in some Southern states. Enough black, labor and liberal voters supported Holton over the Democrat backed by the Byrd machine, to make him Virginia's first Republican governor since Reconstruction. Sen. Harry Byrd, Jr. then quit the Democratic Party, taking with him many of his reactionary supporters. This year Virginia Democrats—with the party purged of Byrds—nominated anti-war populist George Rawlings to oppose Byrd (who is running as an independent) and the Republican candidate for the Senate. The committee also points to New York and Ohio, where liberals like Goldberg and Ottinger and Gilligan and Metzenbaum won Democratic nominations with fewer than 500,000 primary votes. Yarborough received 724,000 votes and lost, because, according to the rebuilders, 93 per cent of the electorate turned out for the Democratic primary.

The Democratic Rebuilding Committee received unexpected boosts from John Kenneth Galbraith, the economist, and Ernest Gruening, the former Senator from Alaska, who wrote letters to the *Texas Observer* calling for Bentsen's defeat. Despite his vow to vote a straight ticket, Senator Yarborough is also working for Bentsen's defeat. David Shapiro, an Austin lawyer who is directing organization for the committee, says liberals who balked at similar party-bolt plans in the 1966 campaign of Sen. John Tower (who also had conservative Democratic opposition), have come around quickly to the 1970 program. Some oppose Bentsen out of a vengeance move, but the committee insists its real purpose is not just to defeat Bentsen and Smith but to help make the Republican Party attractive to conservatives. "Only then can we get these bastards out of the Democratic Party," Shapiro maintains. To those who say a Bush-Eggers victory would be an endorsement of the Nixon Administration, the Rebuilding Committee answers that Bentsen gave Nixon the endorsement he wanted, while campaigning as a Democrat.

State Rep. Curtis M. Graves, a Democrat and one of only two blacks in the lower House, says black voters are especially responsive to the plan. A co-chairman of the committee, Graves is traveling the state telling black voters that "if you combed down George Wallace's cowlick and put him in a $200 suit, you'd have Lloyd Bentsen." He carries with him copies of a tabloid newspaper which Bentsen distributed to black neighborhoods in the final days of the primary. In it, Bentsen is framed by photos of Dr. Martin Luther King. A Bentsen credo for blacks in the newspaper is called "We Have a Dream. . . ."

The state's Mexican-American leadership is down on both Bush and Bentsen, but that should benefit Bush, since the Chicano vote generally goes Democratic. Bush is wooing them vigorously, and probably has made inroads by denouncing the "cynical" attitude of Democrats toward the Chicano. "In the primary elections you've been courted, and in the general election you've been had," Bush tells them. He is glib and earnest, and his rhetoric, if not his record, suggests real concern. Although the Democratic Rebuilding Committee has found allies among the Spanish-speaking, probably the greatest threat to the *status quo* Democrats comes from the new *La Raza Unida* movement which advocates a Chicano boycott of both the Senate and governor's races. Younger members of *La Raza* are especially enraged with the Governor for firing his one Mexican-American staff man and replacing him with an Anglo, for not responding to charges of brutality by Texas Rangers and state highway patrolmen against Mexican-Americans in south Texas, and for what Smith admits is his failure to perceive the plight of Mexican-Americans as distinct from that of other Texans.

Bentsen is counting on his smooth command of Spanish and his use of Chris Aldrètes, a Texas lawyer who was head of the Spanish minorities program at the Democratic National Committee during the LBJ years, to turn out a big Mexican-American vote. He was hurt by recent testimony before the Mondale Subcommittee on Migratory Labor that Bentsen enterprises in the Texas Valley have been exploitative and abusive in their use of *bracero* and domestic farm labor. Still, Bentsen believes he can capture the Spanish-speaking vote by relying on Spanish-language radio announcements, leaflets and block workers. And believing that a great majority of the Mexican-American voters will vote a straight ticket, he is concerned about how to assure a big turnout in November.

Organized labor, for the first time ever, was unable to deliver big margins for Ralph Yarborough, and where the union man's vote will go in November is hard to guess. The Teamsters union has endorsed Bush, and UAW leaders also are working for him. Texas AFL-CIO President Hank Brown says he has only contempt for both Bentsen and Bush and will not mobilize labor resources for either. The state council's biggest unions—Steelworkers, Chemical Workers and Machinists—refused to endorse, and many individual union officials are working for the Republicans. Bentsen's "silent majority" appeals won labor votes in many areas during the primary, and he probably will attract many working men in November.

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And it seems that Bentsen will run that sort of campaign. After attempting early in the summer to make peace with the liberals, Bentsen moved right again. He is running ads in country weeklies entitled "What's Right About America," in which he blasts "the handful of radicals" who "denounce bitterly the faults of this country." He has called for greater spending on education programs, but more recently has decried student activism, anti-war demonstrators and federal "giveaways," which is how he characterizes the Administration's overhaul of the Family Assistance Program. He has attacked Nixon's economic policies from all sides, but in general has established himself to the right of Republican Bush.

Yet his most valuable booster is Lyndon B. Johnson, who threw both arms around Bentsen at a fund-raising affair recently, and who is spending a great deal of telephone time attempting to line up traditional Democrats and raise money for the Bentsen campaign. Both Nixon and Agnew are expected to come to Texas for Bush, who contends he'd rather have a sitting President than a has-been in his corner. Johnson remains quite popular in his home state, however, and may be the key to the large turnout that Bentsen needs to win.

A Bentsen victory would give the former President something he lacks now—a fellow Texan in the Senate who is a friend and a defender of his record. Johnson and Yarborough, despite periodic attempts at friendship, have never liked each other. With Bentsen as Senator and Robert Strauss of Dallas, another LBJ crony, continuing as treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, the Johnson-Connally apparatus would be back in the Washington poker game. Some Texas liberals fear that LBJ has in mind pushing former Governor Connally for Vice President in 1972, and a few even see a plot to restore LBJ to the White House. It is more likely, though, that Johnson wants to replace the unpredictable Yarborough with a Senator who will always be there when the businessmen need him, and to clear the way for his latest protégé, 32-year-old Lt. Gov. Ben Barnes. At a recent Barnes rally, Johnson made it clear he considers Barnes the heir to his empire. He predicted that the blond, boyish Barnes would someday be President and pledged his loyalty and aid. "Where you lead us, Ben, we will follow," said the former Chief Executive.

In a sense, then, Texas is being asked to choose between this Administration and the last one—with the chance that a vote for the last one will bring about another like it somewhere down the road. Given the leadership gap which continues to dog the Democrats nationally, Bentsen's election could easily set in motion a variety of new, conservative forces within the party. A Bush victory will strengthen Republican numbers in the Senate and give the GOP a stranglehold on federal patronage in Texas, but it will deal LBJ-Connally Democrats a bruising body blow. For enlightened Texans the choice is not appealing. □

LETTERS (*Continued from page 258*)

they could choose their place of death, let it be among the refugees where the need is greatest. How can I argue with them? I know how badly they are needed in Vietnam.

I beg you, my friends, please join with me, the good doctors and my priests and nuns. Give us your support so that we may in turn bring relief to the many suffering victims of this war. Checks should be made out to Bishop Paul L. Seitz and sent to me in care of the Bank of New Hampshire, N.A., Box 608, Nashua, N. H. 03060, and I will write to thank you for your gift.

Paul L. Seitz, Bishop of Kontum

quiet day in Mexico

Mexico City

Dear Sirs: Freedom of the press in Mexico, while not formally restricted, is *de facto* subject to rigorous censorship. Only by acknowledging this fact can one understand the silence of the Mexican press since the student disturbances prior to the 1968 Summer Olympics games. The Tlatelolco massacre, in which soldiers and *granaderos* shot and bayoneted hundreds of students, teachers, workers and bystanders—including many children—received almost no coverage in Mexico, save for a few reports which attributed the violence to sniper fire. I have spoken with doctors who watched scores of bayoneted students bleed to death in hospitals because the police and government officials would not admit blood donations from the friends of the wounded. These same doctors, as well as other witnesses, have refused to speak out in public for fear of their safety. . . . The two years since Tlatelolco have been years of political repression, and Mexican jails are full of political prisoners from 1968. . . . Since internal stability is essential to attract foreign capital, the government has the press tightly controlled, and Mexico appears to the world as a peaceful, institutionalized developing country with great promise for investment returns. Specifically, the press is controlled by the Mexican Government paper monopoly. . . .

Today, in Mexico City jails, there are more than 150 political prisoners from the 1968 demonstrations. . . . After more than two years' imprisonment, almost none of the prisoners have been tried or sentenced. This is a blatant violation of the Mexican constitution, which prescribes sentencing within a year of formal imprisonment. But without a critical press, the Mexican Government need not concern itself with its legal infractions. Dissent within the ruling party, Partido Revolucionario Institucional (PRI), is minimal and the opposition parties, puppets of PRI, offer more local color than serious opposition. When Carlos A. Madrazo recently attempted to reform PRI and possibly remove it from official control, his airplane mysteriously exploded. Then came bayonets and rifles and Tlatelolco. And political prisoners.

October 2, 1970 marks the two-year anniversary of the Tlatelolco tragedy. While hundreds of thousands of Mexicans have not forgotten, it will be a rather peaceful day in Mexico. The press will remind no one. There will be no demonstrations. A few frustrated students will meet clandestinely and theorize a new movement. The political prisoners, however, will be looking to world opinion. They assure me that their only hope is with publicity *outside* Mexico.

Demonstrations in the United States and Europe are being planned for October 2 before the Mexican embassies and consulates. The Mexican Government is sensitive to international opinion. The one weapon denied Mexicans, the freedom of expression, is readily available outside Mexico. The political prisoners are to be sentenced shortly. The first few have already been sentenced to twenty-five and thirty years. To have any kind of impact on insulated Mexico, we must embarrass its claims of justice and freedom by using the media in the States. October 2 may be a quiet day in Mexico. It need not be in the rest of the world.

Robert Crespi
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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Citizenship and Obedience: Tangled Obligations

OBLIGATIONS: Essays in Disobedience, War, and Citizenship. *By Michael Walzer. Harvard University Press. 244 pp. $7.95.*

CARL COHEN

Mr. Cohen teaches philosophy at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. He is the author of two books soon to be published: Democracy *(University of Georgia Press) and* Civil Disobedience *(Columbia University Press).*

Moral and political dilemmas are often needlessly self-imposed. One's obligations —to other persons, to one's community, to oneself—are rarely easy matters to sort out, but some of the strains we feel in such affairs arise from the inadequacy, often the outright crudeness of the intellectual framework with which we approach our problems. Wrong and right, right and left, East and West, peace and war, innocence and guilt—the painfully simplistic categories of moral and political discourse as we commonly find it invite, if they do not enforce, agonizing conflicts.

But it is easier to condemn conceptual shortcomings than to repair them. If simple dualisms—"blacks and whites" in the homely but worthy expression—cannot do justice to the complexity of moral matters, where are we to find a framework that is at once sufficiently subtle and usable in practice? The most profound philosophy of modern centuries may be said to have been excited by the inadequacy of common categories, and the drive to replace or enrich them. Much of the resulting speculation remains worthy and wise, but it is terribly hard to put to use. To expect that columnists and critics will analyze like Immanuel Kant, or that political candidates will synthesize like John Dewey, is to exceed the limits of any healthy optimism. Still, the analysis and synthesis of moral issues cry for more depth, more sophistication than is normally their portion—and the choice between the language of party platforms and that of *The Critique of Practical Reason* is itself an unnecessary dichotomy.

The job of developing concepts and continua which avoid unnecessary dilemmas and yet remain applicable in concrete controversy is perennially that of the political philosopher. This job Michael Walzer undertakes in *Obligations: Essays on Disobedience, War, and Citizenship* with gusto and with a very clear head. He writes political philosophy, in the most honorific sense of that expression, coming directly to grips with deep theoretical questions, while keenly alert to their bearing upon the vexing issues of contemporary life. Men having obligations to obey the laws of their communities, and sometimes obligations to act in ways inconsistent with these laws, how begin to chart a reasonable path? Certainly there are ideals worth fighting for. Which, if any, are those one is obligated to die for? Which, if any, are those one is obligated to kill for? Whoever treats major conflicts—say, of the patriotic pacifist, the prisoner of war, the oppressed citizen in any category—as simple oppositions of good and evil misleads himself and others, invites bloodshed and political disorder. But we are struggling to avoid disorder, or to return from it. There is no way to do so without a reflective *ordering* of obligations, especially those owed to communities, corporate and political. Such an ordering, or at least the effort to advance it, is Walzer's enterprise. His book is truly valuable; for those puzzled and intrigued by the tangles of morals and politics it is most satisfying reading.

Expectations in this arena must be kept reasonable. Even faultless analyses —and Walzer's are not always that—cannot resolve genuinely conflicting claims. Clear thinking can help us understand conflicts, however, even perhaps to tolerate the continuation of some that defy elimination. In this spirit, Walzer's aim is not to defend a general theory of obligation but to clarify many specific, intertwined obligations. Explicitly these are *essays,* attempts, some originally published elsewhere, which do not all fit neatly together. When, at scattered points, Walzer does propose a universal account of moral obligation (about which more shortly) he traps himself, in my judgment, within unnecessarily restrictive limits, and is then obliged to twist a bit to cover his territory. But it is in breaking out of other, more traditional traps that he is at his best. Some illustrations follow.

What is it about civil disobedient protests that most commonly drives some good citizens to fury? It is, I submit, not illegality in itself (to lawbreaking we are well accustomed), or the aims of the protesters (often widely shared, even by their critics), or the character of the disobedients (sometimes morally pretentious, but usually decent and brave). What is maddening, frightening, is the prospect of deliberate lawlessness *generalized.* "What if everybody did that?" is the underlying question, sometimes naive, but basically sensible as an effort to articulate the feeling that morally justifiable acts must be generalizable, that an act morally wrong for one citizen is morally wrong for any other citizen in like circumstances. Much careful analysis of the demand for generalizability has emerged in recent American philosophy. Critical here, however, is not the correctness of that demand but, granting it, the implicit understanding of the nature of the act to be generalized, of the "that" in the question, "What if everybody did that?"

Acts, especially morally important acts, have no single, simple description. The justifiability of an act, even its alleged lawlessness, depends largely upon the context in which it is appraised. The same act, therefore, may be both our obligation to perform and our obligation not to perform, depending upon the scheme of obligations recognized, and the consequent description of that act. If one sees deliberate, disobedient protest simply as lawbreaking, its generalizability is intolerable. "That," as we hear *ad nauseam,* "leads to anarchy." And within the limited framework of some critics such complaint is not entirely nonsense. Every denial of the authority of the state, viewed only as that, seems a threat to the stability of the order thus defied. But there are kinds of authority, levels of authority, spheres of authority. Failure to take the richness of the context into account is, literally, simple-mindedness, against which Walzer is constantly and rightly at war. Two examples: the first mine, the second his.

Disobedience to law at the local level may turn out to be obedience to law (even within the same larger legal system) after the highest Court has spoken on the matter. What shall we say of the courageous freedom riders of the 1950s? They broke the law, and yet they didn't. What shall we say of the soldier who complies, albeit reluctantly, with the explicit command to kill a captured civilian? In doing what he is ordered to do

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he obeys the law, and yet he does not. "Well, it depends on the law one is talking about" is the natural response. Just so. But cognizance of the differing, concurrent, and sometimes conflicting systems of law within which a given act is performed is precisely what is commonly ignored. Ignoring conflicts is convenient, of course, once one has taken sides, chosen a context. Tougher is choosing one's context while understanding the claims of its competitors, then rationally defending one's choice. With hindsight and no risk to ourselves, this is not too hard in the case of the freedom riders. Other cases—even where the conflicts arise within the same larger frame—prove more painful. Who does not sympathize with the soldier in the example above? And when competing contexts invoke differing larger frames, the choice, and the defense of it, can be excruciating—even in the etymologically literal sense. Jefferson proposed, as the motto for the Great Seal of the United States, "Rebellion against tyrants is obedience to God."

Walzer's case material has poignant concreteness. Civil disobedience does not aim at the overthrow of the state, clearly, but it can have revolutionary impact within some smaller contexts. How shall we respond when an act is one of minor illegality in one framework (say, that of the state) but is genuinely revolutionary in intent within the framework of some corporate body also constituting a community of great human importance? Are there some corporate bodies to which one's relations are more important than some (or all) of one's relations with the state? The great Auto Workers' sit-down strikes of 1936-37 serve as the focus of Walzer's analysis here. Were they revolutionary? Yes and no. They did revolutionize the nature of the corporate institutions whose rules were defied. Consequent also were broken heads, and property losses, and deliberate violations, by good and courageous citizens, of some laws of the state. But the state was not seriously threatened, nor was it the chief object of attack. With some wisdom in law enforcement, such strikes led eventually to an amended legal order, in which workers came to occupy a decision-making role in corporate enterprises that had previously been thought outrageous even to contemplate. Sticky, the whole business. Walzer's treatment of it, "Civil Disobedience and Corporate Authority," is penetrating and wise.

Disparity of concern between civic and corporate communities is also manifest in some disobedience in university contexts—college "strikes," class disruptions. How far does the analogy between these and the trade union strikes, with consequent disruption of industrial work, carry us? Not very far, Walzer contends, correctly, I think. He allows that within the university structure such disruptions may indeed be revolutionary in intent—some students demanding a decision-making role in institutional affairs previously thought outrageous, or at least inappropriate. But, he argues, revolution—even corporate revolution—requires mighty forceful justification, justification present in the case of the Auto Workers but not in the case of American university students. I would argue further that the disobedient acts in the two cases bear very differently upon certain fundamental principles of the civil community, principles rightly treasured. Silencing speech (in a university hall or elsewhere) is importantly different from blocking manufacture (in an auto assembly plant or elsewhere). Whoever fails to see that is a poor friend of democracy, however honorable his character, or self-sacrificial his intent.

In sum, to recognize that there may be obligations overriding those owed to the state is not to affirm that every set of obligations in conflict with civil law is more worthy than it. Far from that. States do awful things, especially when they seek to govern in spheres not appropriately theirs. Sometimes, also, they concretize in law the noblest expressions of human civility. Obedience to such laws may have a far stronger claim upon us than that arising from their technical legitimacy. There are obligations and obligations—the critic of civil disobedience needs to see that; there are laws and laws—the civil disobedient needs to see that.

Through this book Walzer moves from one social inflammation to another—the obligations of the civil disobedient, of the conscientious objector, of the member of an oppressed minority, and others—like a kindly and understanding physician with very limited healing powers, eager to help a strong patient who suffers from painful ailments difficult to diagnose and still more difficult to cure. Rightly he comes at last to deal with the general constitution of the patient, as more fundamental than his sores. In a polity of thousands or millions of human members the key to good health, if there is one, is the relation of the parts to the whole, or more accurately, of the members to their political community. *Citizenship*, which is but the name of this complex relationship, is therefore an underlying theme of this book. The essays in its final third, especially "Political Solidarity and Personal Honor" and "The Problem of Citizenship," are provocative, and blessed by an appealing sanity and balance.

Here again traditional simplicities are replaced by more complex but still realistic sets of categories with which obligations to and against the state may be appraised. The feel of these essays may be to some degree appreciated if I here sketch two continua that Walzer suggests and employs, but does not explicitly lay down or name. The first (call it the continuum of ideal statehood) runs from the rich, organic ideal of a political community of intense mutual concern, in which citizenship is the overriding value, contribution and obedience overriding obligations, membership the source of the fullest and most genuine satisfaction and self-realization, to—at the other extreme—the clean, crisp ideal of a political community of gathered private concerns, in which individuality and independence are the overriding values, contribution and obedience the honorable but unfortunate costs of a useful common instrument, citizenship but one membership in a life of many memberships, no one of which touches the essence of a man. The second continuum (call it the continuum of ideal citizenship) runs from the hectic, frustrating, overfull, but satisfying and engaged life of the citizen active in every possible sphere: concerned about the schools and the environment and foreign policy and civil rights and a hundred other community matters, contributing time and money, discussing, organizing, participating, to—at the other extreme—the free, self-oriented life of the citizen who attends competently to his own affairs in his own way, despising meetings and committees and causes, working productively for himself and those he chooses, member and contributor and participant only incidentally and only when such roles prove worthy to him.

At the extremes of both continua lie absurd positions. The state is properly neither a Hegelian organism nor a Jeffersonian tool. The citizen is neither a Platonic guardian nor a Thoreauvian hermit. These continua are in some measure parallel, but ideals honestly professed on the two planes, communal and individual, may prove dissonant in practice, even when the positions taken are some distance from the extremes. The Jeffersonian, instrumentally conceived state, may turn out some very devoted, actively participating citizens. The Emersonian, self-reliant citizen may emerge, may even be promoted, by a community of unrelenting community concern.

Where does the good citizen of a decent democracy fit in? What ought he aim toward in his civic life; how ought he relate to his polity? I do Walzer injustice, no doubt, in sketching these oversimple continua for which he is not to be held responsible. His essays, however,

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have the merit of exhibiting sensitivity to the attractions and repulsions of several positions on several possible continua. He hasn't got it all down neat and clear, but anyone who has, in this sphere, is almost sure to be wrong or superficial. For Walzer there are citizenships of different kinds and degrees. Which sorts of obligations who owes to whom, or what are matters depending upon both the ideal framework, and the role fulfilled in practice by the agent whose obligations are in question. In any real, existing polity, we must expect to encounter degrees of alienation and integration. The wholly alienated man will naturally withdraw (physically or spiritually) or rebel. The wholly integrated man will be consumed by his loyalty. But few of us, whatever our choice of ideals on these continua, are either wholly alienated or wholly integrated. Toward the one end, professors at Harvard or Michigan (however critical at times) are usually rather well-integrated fellows, and ought to see themselves so; toward the other, revolutionary conspirators may understandably feel themselves at odds with the polity they hope to overthrow. Needed is a fuller understanding and appreciation of the intrinsically tangled condition of one whose alienation and citizenship are both well grounded. These real tensions Walzer (and, incidentally, Joseph Tussman also, in *Obligation and the Body Politic*, 1960) treats deeply and well.

It is, in my judgment, a grave theoretical fault to ascribe all moral and political obligations to one kind of source, *any* one kind. Walzer makes that mistake. Following Alexander Sesonske (*Value and Obligation*, 1964) he seeks to account for every obligation as arising, in some way, from the self-commitment, explicit or implicit, of the one obligated. "These are essays in consent theory," he writes on the first page, "or rather applications of that theory to the political situation of my own contemporaries. . . . The paradigm form of consent theory is simply, *I have committed myself (consented): I am committed (obligated)*" [italics his]. A theoretical defense of the proposition that obligation derives only from consent he expressly declines to give. "I am simply going to assume of the many obligations I discuss," he writes, "that they can have no other origin. . . ." This assumption flows in part, I think, from his healthy desire to steer very clear of supernaturally imposed duties or claims. To succeed in that, however, one is not obliged to adopt this (or any) variety of philosophical reductivism. Many different aspects of the human condition, all genuinely empirical, may give rise to obligations. Of these, deliberate consent is only one.

Although the assumption that all obligations flow from consent is mistaken, its adoption turns out not to mar these essays seriously, for several reasons. First, Walzer is not simple-minded about "consent"—the term gets broadly enough stretched to encompass other needed factors not normally put under that heading. Second, very many obligations *do* arise from self-commitment, and these, often central in political issues, are not affected by the overgeneralization. Third, the claim that all obligations arise from consent seems to have been tacked onto the book, chiefly in its Introduction. Most of the essays do not refer to it or rely upon it.

That not all obligations do flow from the consent of those obligated may be roughly shown by some quick counter examples. I have an obligation not to injure others gratuitously, quite apart from any consent or commitment of mine. I have obligations to my parents, and perhaps to my siblings, whether or not I did or would consent to the care they gave me. I may have obligations to myself, without any consenting involved. And I probably have obligations to the community whose language I speak and whose manners of thought and action I absorb, without anything like deliberate consent.

Obligations such as these may be consonant with those consciously taken on, by words or deeds, and at times they may not be. Ironically, it is often these non-consent-originating obligations which contribute to the complexity Walzer's analyses help unravel. If all obligations did flow from self-commitment alone, the untangling of the obligations of the citizen in his several roles would still be mighty complicated, but it would then be much less complicated than, in fact, Waltzer has shown it to be. □

Exiles from the Mountains

UPTOWN: Poor Whites in Chicago. *By Todd Gitlin and Nanci Hollander. Harper & Row. Illustrated. 435 pp. $10.*

STUDS TERKEL
Mr. Terkel is the author of Division Street . . . America *and* Hard Times: An Oral History of the Depression *(both Pantheon).*

"I've not eaten for nine days in Chicago once. You get real faint."

"The golden rule: whoever has the gold makes the rules."

"You wanted that baby, you hold it."

"You know they've made it a damn felony to commit suicide. It's my sonofabitchin life and if I want to take it I'll take it."

"I hate the damn niggers as bad as I hate my own damn guts."

"If the poor people won't do it, I don't know who will."

Thoughts, grumblings, reflections, strange insights recurring out of grief, despair and cheap wine—all fused into a poetic, soaring rage. It is the story of poor Southern whites in an alien and hostile country, Chicago. They are interned in a ghetto of furnished rooms and subdivided flats—rents payable by the week, of course—in that once posh area, Uptown. It's Chicago, all right, but it could be Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati or any such place to which the ex-miners, hard-rock and hard-luck farmers have come so reluctantly. It will never be "home" to them, any more than it is to a Deep South black imprisoned in one of those obscene housing projects.

The story of the mountain people in exile is one that academic sociologists never fail to miss: the *potential* of a neighborhood as well as its bleak reality. The authors of this terrible and wonderful book have lived in the neighborhood and *know* the men and women. They are not interested in types. Most important, they let their neighbors speak for themselves.

> I say take all the leaders that the country has, the leaders of all the countries, put them in an airplane, give them M-1 rifles and one bandoleer of ammunition, take them over there and parachute them out, say, "Now, dammit, fight!" I'll bet there'd never be a shot fired and I bet the war would end.

That's John Dawson talking. He's 42 and with his young, weary wife, Etta, and several small kids he came from Georgia. Name any kind of horny-handed work; he's done it. Name the fights and the lousy wars; he's been in them. He's an authority on day-labor exchanges, too. John and his friends call them by their right name—slave labor markets. The contractor picks up the $2, $3 an hour the job regularly pays; the "hillbillies" get a buck fifty.

John also knows how lead poisoning works. His little girl, Lila, ate some of that sweet-tasting plaster. At a nearby hospital, where she almost died, medical case workers call it the paint-eating "syndrome" and attribute it to "bad parent-children relationships." Of

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course, they refused to tell the landlord his building was lethal. Why should they? Building Commissioner Fitzgerald, friend and appointee of Richard J. Daley, described efforts to impel landlords to redo their poisonous walls as a step toward communism. Dawson is aware of all this and lots more. "The city of Chicago is not fit for a man's life to walk down the street in the daytime much less at night." He's not talking of the gangs of rootless boys—though they do jackroll, not having much else going for them. His mind is on the cops.

> They get you in a car, and if you ain't got no money you go to jail; but if you have money you give them the money and that's it. They'll drop you off and say, "You get home the best way you can."

The Chicago patrolman explains it somewhat differently:

> By instinct a police officer knows who he's stopping. If he proves he's honest, if he lives on the 3600 block of Lake Shore Drive, you apologize and thank him. If he's a shady character, you take him into the station. Lower class people, they feel they can walk all over the police. . . .

Etta, like her husband, doesn't quite understand the moral dilemma of our city law and order men: "We are always sayin' 'Yessir.' When we goin' to start sayin' 'No sir' to them?"

It is the *waiting* that is so infuriating. The waiting at the welfare office, the waiting in the out-patients' room, the waiting at the day labor agency. . . . A community organization, JOIN (now defunct) played a role in replacing apathy with intransigence. Initiated by young radical students, the authors among them, it was eventually taken over by the "hillbillies" themselves. Glimmers of awareness are there at all times, but the odds are so heavy that the rage turns inward, and they clobber one another. Every hero of this book, narrators all, knows why poor turn on poor and white against black. It's so hard to throw all those monkeys off their backs. The cause is not so much racism as their conditioned feeling of worthlessness.

And yet in Uptown, Margaret Jamison, as well as John and Etta, met Big Dovie Coleman and Little Dovie. Black women. Margaret was as racist as they come, but when Big and Little Dovie came out of jail after a welfare sit-in, she embraced them: "From one jailbird to another!"

That's what this book is about: the *potential* of a neighborhood. It is most eloquently expressed by Bobby Joe Wright, 18. Until recently, he'd been just another midnight cowboy, making it with desperate, lonely homosexuals. Listen to Bobby Joe now:

> *Explaining My Lai*: All those children and people over there gettin' killed, our young boys gettin' killed. And you know who's the first one they grab over there? It's the hillbilly, the guy from the South. Now what I think they should do is take every asshole that had any say-so about this war, stick *them* over there in uniform, not as a general, not as a major or somethin'—as a Pfc., man, like they're the first ones to hit the beach; and let them hit the beach and let them dive bullets. Then they'll really see what they started. All they see now is—well, here's a war and we can make money off of it.
>
> *Explaining himself*: But now, knowin' all the stuff I do know, I don't think I could drop back into the society which I came from. I can't go into a factory and work eight hours a day for twenty years, not unless I know that I'm buildin' for somethin' in that factory, somethin' that's not just gonna be better me. I'm not lookin' for better me. I'm lookin' for better everybody.

The photographs match the language: there is a feeling tone. The tradition of Walker Evans and Dorothea Lange is maintained; and of James Agee. Certainly it is far more Nelson Algren's Chicago than Richard Daley's. □

Remembering Orangeburg

THE ORANGEBURG MASSACRE. *By Jack Nelson and Jack Bass. World Publishing. 224 pp. $6.95.*

JOSEPH C. GOULDEN

Mr. Goulden, a Washington journalist, has written books on AT&T and the Gulf of Tonkin incident. His latest book, The Money Givers, *a study of foundations, will be published by Random House in early 1971.*

In May 1970, National Guardsmen fired a rifle salvo into crowds of student demonstrators at Kent State University, killing four of them and wounding ten others. The subsequent moral outrage brought the nation virtually to a standstill in protest.

In February 1968, highway patrolmen fired shotguns and pistols at student demonstrators retreating from a night-time confrontation at South Carolina State College, in Orangeburg. When the ten-second fusillade ended—a newsman called its fury that of a "small war"—three youths lay dead or mortally hurt, and twenty-seven wounded. All but two

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or three had been shot from the rear or side. Gov. Robert McNair denounced "Black Power advocates who represent only a small minority" of the students for causing the incident. The Associated Press, in grotesquely inaccurate reporting, misquoted its own man and said the students died "during a heavy exchange of gunfire." *Time* didn't even mention the deaths in its next week's issue. The nation yawned and soon forgot Orangeburg.

The inescapable conclusion is that the nation grieves more over white Midwestern deaths than it does over black Southern ones. After all, Dixie has slaughtered Negroes for decades, with varying degrees of deference to legality. Why, then, outrage over three more black bodies?

Because, quite simply, *The Orangeburg Massacre*—both book and incident—is an object lesson in why young blacks are (and should be) fed up with gradualism in human rights, and why the Black Panthers, not SNCC and the NAACP, are now the black vanguard. That police ruthlessly shot down blacks at Orangeburg is one national tragedy; that the nation ignored the killings is yet another.

Jack Nelson, who until recently covered the South for the *Los Angeles Times* (now an investigative reporter in the Washington Bureau), and Jack Bass, of the *Charlotte Observer*, call their book a "documentary." Because they can write objectively of such horror, they make the Orangeburg story the more appalling. Events speak, not the authors, and the result is brilliant, re-creative reporting.

The damnable quality of the Orangeburg killings is that they grew from an absurdity: the refusal of a segregationist, Harry Floyd, to permit students to use his All Star Bowling Lanes located only five blocks from the SCSC campus. The 1964 Civil Rights Act had opened most Orangeburg businesses to blacks, and students saw no sense in driving 40 miles to bowl on integrated lanes in Columbia. The federal act, although it contained a section on public accommodations, "was not clear insofar as bowling alleys were concerned," and the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division, despite repeated requests from SCSC officials and students, did nothing to challenge All Star's segregation. Indeed, on the very eve of the massacre, State Atty. Gen. Daniel R. McLeod, seeking to avert tragedy, called Washington and was told by a Justice Department official that the All Star complaint was on his desk. "For Lord's sake," McLeod replied, "put it on top of the pile and get the thing rolling." (Justice mailed All Star a letter asking "voluntary compliance"; it arrived several days after the deaths.)

Because of the dalliance, not surprisingly, All Star "became the leading symbol of white racism in Orangeburg," and militants used this issue, among others, to assume student leadership at SCSC and Claflin College, another Black school. Students realized that change must be provoked by confrontation, and that is the route they marched. Both sides overreacted, state troopers clubbing students; students smashing windows and attempting to overturn cars, and partially blinding at least one officer with a chemical spray. By the night of February 8, Orangeburg was an armed camp, the SCSC campus ringed by highway patrolmen and National Guardsmen, "about as many lawmen and guardsmen as there were students," write Bass and Nelson. The patrol commander "instructed his men to use firearms only as a last resort if their lives were in danger. That decision, it was implied, would be left to each individual patrolman."

Under cover of darkness, students ripped down signposts and tore banisters and shutters from a vacant house near the campus to feed a bonfire. As officers moved in, a heavy banister was thrown over an embankment, smashing Patrolman David Shealey's face. Students fled momentarily, then began drifting back down a long hill toward the police. There were shots. Charles Hildebrand, 19, thought they were blanks until somebody hollered, "Oh, Lord, I'm hit." Hildebrand fell. "I felt a blow in the back of my leg which felt like a piece of brick or something had been thrown against it. So I stayed on the ground maybe a half-second and ran a step or two farther and was hit in the hip. I got up and ran again . . . and was shot a third time in the arm pit. . . . I hid behind a trash can."

On flow the accounts: of frightened teen-agers crawling for safety as double-ought buckshot ("killer shot, you use it when you're trying to kill somebody," says former Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark) and .45 caliber pistol slugs splattered among them. Write Nelson and Bass: "All of the patrolmen were to later say they had not fired at any particular target, but had just shot into the crowd of students." Police later claimed they were answering sniper fire—an assertion strongly disputed by nonpolice witnesses.

In ten seconds it was over, and police dragged the wounded away by their heels. A hospital attendant asked an officer what happened. "A couple of these niggers got stung with birdshot," he replied.

In the aftermath Justice Department lawyers investigated possible prosecutions for summary executions. A prime barrier was the FBI's attitude ("little short of disgraceful," Nelson and Bass say). Agents lied about their location during the shooting. "If the [Justice] Department had known FBI agents were eyewitnesses, its attorneys quickly could have established some of the pertinent facts, instead of having to grope for months for an understanding of what happened. The FBI even submitted a written report of its investigation to the Civil Rights Division two months after the shooting without mentioning that agents had been witnesses."

In the end, the Justice Department prosecuted nine officers for violating the civil rights of the slain students. The jury's not-guilty verdict was returned in one hour and 42 minutes. And in response to a Justice Department suit, a judge ordered the All Star lanes integrated. "White persons continued bowling in the 16-lane facility as though having Negroes bowl there had been an everyday occurrence."

As for the attitude of the whole county, Nelson and Bass conclude that "urban disorders and fiery Black Power rhetoric had already soured much of the public on the civil rights movement." Nonetheless, they maintain, "had the press given a reasonably accurate account of what

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had happened, there probably would have been some national indignation. As it was, the nation shrugged off Orangeburg."

So, too, is the nation's black youth shrugging off the white man's system of justice. The night before the killings, Henry "Peanut" Smith—6 ft. 4, 180 pounds, nicknamed for brittle bones, not his physique—phoned his mother to report on the first scuffle. "The way those policemen beat those girls, I could just see 'em beating you, Mother. . . ." She advised him to go back to the authorities, not to the streets. "Mother, we've already gone, and we just get talk, talk, talk." Twenty-four hours later, Peanut Smith was dead of five gunshot wounds. □

Pavese, in the Long Run

AMERICAN LITERATURE: Essays and Opinions. *By Cesare Pavese. Translated with an Introduction by Edwin Fussell. University of California Press. 243 pp. $6.95.*

RICHARD KOFFLER
Mr. Koffler teaches at M.I.T. He is a translator and the editor, with Alan Cheuse, of a forthcoming volume of essays in honor of Francis Fergusson, The Rarer Action (*Rutgers University Press*).

Outside Italy, where novelists that endure are rare enough to have made him a cult, it has been Pavese's destiny to be read until now by the happy few. But he had his eye on us, and he knew he could afford to wait. A query to himself in his recently reissued diary, *The Burning Brand,* might have furnished this book of essays with an epigraph: "The fame Vittorini has won in America, has it made you jealous? No. I am in no hurry. I shall beat him in the long run." Despite a title that would put off all but initiates over here, one has reason to hope that this book by an Italian Ishmael has been launched at a propitious moment, for Pavese has been finding, and notably in Mr. Fussell, the translators he deserves and needs.

At the same time, the canon of American literature has been shaken, since the heyday of the New Criticism, by the cannons that the New Militancy has trained on it. Had these essays appeared here ten years ago, everyone (Leslie Fiedler being an honorable exception) would have found them quaint. It would have strained our tolerance, then, to see Pavese expend all that energy, all that imaginative intelligence, on Edgar Lee Masters, Sinclair Lewis, or worse still, O. Henry. Ten years ago, flogging might not have seemed excessive for a foreigner ingenuous enough to devote three pieces to Sherwood Anderson and none to Henry James.

I remember from my own college days that Lionel Trilling had finished off Anderson once and for all. And now this Italian ghost has the impertinence to remain faithful, in 1947, to "an American who was not a great novelist but who—since he was a very great writer—discovered an America and a way of being, of imagining, of writing, to which all the great narrative artists contemporary with him and after him owe something."

Ten years have passed, however, and Trilling's judgments, on this point and others (and one could pick on smaller fish than Trilling), have not weathered so well as Pavese's own, whether early (the essay on Whitman dates from a thesis begun in 1929) or late (the essay appended on R. L. Stevenson appeared two months before Pavese's suicide, in 1950). Much of Mr. Fussell's introduction is less happy than his translation, but two of his points are well taken (with a grain of salt). The first is a bit of academic understatement: "Pavese writes better than most American critics." Indeed he does, and since he still remains to be discovered here, the reader will have to indulge me in a few quotations that will bear out that claim. The second, a comparison with Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature,* is misleading without some elaboration. Pavese is more indebted to Lawrence than either he or Mr. Fussell knows. It was through Lawrence, by way of the neglected Florentine "Americanist" and man of letters, Emilio Cecchi, that Italians of Pavese and Vittorini's generation came to know Melville and Hawthorne and to rediscover Walt Whitman. To them, Lawrence was "our" Burckhardt. Pavese had found our classics on his own, but it was Lawrence who first suggested a link he himself did not pursue, and which remained for Pavese (*before* that kindred spirit, F. O. Matthiessen) to explore: the exiles of the twenties "recall, evoke, and explain a whole, rich, century-long tradition, in which at least one great revolution, one great 'renaissance,' had already taken place."

Lawrence wrote his *Studies,* however, when his best books were already behind him; Pavese wrote the bulk of these essays in five years (1930-34) as a very young and precociously gifted man who had not yet discovered where his own talents lay. These pieces comprise the first part of what his biographer, Davide Lajolo, calls "the period of the translations," though one must keep in mind that for Italian writers of Mussolini's thirties, translation was at once an act of inner emigration, of defiance, and of survival. He was writing poems midway between narrative and lyric, at least arguably Whitmanesque. To speak of influences is a bit crude, but Pavese grafted both Whitman and Baudelaire to his own tradition, more Piedmontese than Italian, as he was aware. Early on, he draws a revealing parallel between his native Piedmont and Anderson's Midwest, and concludes that the writers of his region must learn from the way our Midwesterners coped with their situation.

The lessons drawn from Melville, Whitman, Sherwood Anderson, then, would be applied to the making of Pavese's own narratives. Clues to his intentions are strewn through this book, acquiring force as his own work ripens. As far back as 1932, having labored for a year to re-create Melville's prose in Italian—a Faustian enterprise worthy of Melville's own—he had learned more about narrative consciousness than most academic critics could ever hope to know:

> It seems to me that a book can admit only one character, the author, and that all the reflections, all the partial descriptions of settings and characters which contribute to the construction, should be referred to him. Ahab is not a real man, by virtue of the simple fact that he is the counterpart of Moby Dick, whose psychology, I presume, nobody will pretend to explain. . . . The only *human* personage of the book has to be Ishmael, in his function of the eye that judges in a first-person narrative, in short, in his function as author.

In his first four novels, that period of apprenticeship which he would later describe with customary and excessive harshness toward his own achievement as "naturalism," Pavese wavered between first- and third-person narratives; in the rich five novels of his last, postwar years, the judging eye (or "I") will be one of his characteristics, a moral as well as a technical choice. Having wrestled with the Protean transformations of Melville's prose, Pavese had learned what the two great Italian masters of the 19th-century novel, Manzoni and Verga, could never have taught him: how to write a novel in the first person and retain one's distance. The word Pavese reserves for the Olympians of modern art in his diary, though it rarely crops up in these essays, is "irony." Manzoni and Verga might both have had irony to spare, but they relied, as Pavese no longer could, on the

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safety that third-person, external narration affords. Pavese had to look elsewhere—and elsewhere began with the American line from Melville through Anderson, and (despite a characteristic reticence toward some of his deepest attachments) on through Scott Fitzgerald, whom he esteemed even more than he did Hemingway and Faulkner. His own work shows how well he has absorbed their example, fathoms deeper than mere imitation. These essays are the product of an inner necessity not fully understood at the outset.

By the early forties, however, Pavese had found his vocation as a writer; the poetry would be in the prose from now on, and criticism and translation would be peripheral activities. It is worth noting that while many of these pieces are prefaces to his own translations, almost none are reviews in the strict sense. He spent most of World War II avoiding that war when he could, and avoiding the Resistance as well; pondering myths and gathering remorse in the hills where so many died. But the essays he did publish during the war and after, if read with the diary close at hand as a check, indicate that Fussell's contention that his interest in American literature had lapsed after 1933 is groundless. The truth is that his interests broadened and deepened; he turned to Dostoevsky, to Proust, to Mann—to Mann above all, whom he calls in an essay not included here, the greatest of his contemporaries, the master ironist who could guide Pavese through the dark enchanted wood where Vico and Frazer had led him.

His increasingly severe standards, particularly when he would be earning his bread as an editor, cut into his earliest enthusiasms, and he came to revise his judgments. As against his earlier encomia, by 1934 he had wearied of Lewis' "journalistic jargon," and by 1940 found Dos Passos' characters totally lacking in individuality. On the other hand, he described Faulkner's *Sanctuary* in 1934 as "a too ambitious thriller," and attacked *As I Lay Dying* as late as 1937 for the banality of its multiple points of view. But he chose to translate *The Hamlet* in 1942—two years after refusing an offer to do another Steinbeck, *In Dubious Battle*, because he found it styleless and detestable, despite its social appeal. The rest of the pages will hint at his change of mind about Faulkner only once.

Similarly, he finds Gertrude Stein "unbearable" in 1931; but by 1938, after translating *Alice B. Toklas* by way of introducing her to Italy, he traces her "unconfessed" debt to James or Whitman "for that wholly American idea of a mystic reality incarnated and imprisoned in the word, that disturbing realism of the subconscious life which is still . . . the most vital contribution of America to culture." He has moved by now well beyond the joyous discovery in his youth of the vitality of the American language. If you substitute "symbolic" for that disembodied and provisional adjective, "mystic," you will have a definition of Pavese's own development from "naturalism" toward what he would call "symbolic realism." "The richness of a fable," he wrote apropos of *Moby Dick* once more, in 1941,

> resides in the capacity which it possesses to symbolize the greatest number of experiences. . . . After so many disquisitions, so many treatises and so much passion, annihilation before the sacred mystery of Evil remains the only form of communion possible.

But there was one further form, the overtly political, and it happens to coincide with Pavese's major phase. His distaste for political activity (in Turin, Gramsci and Gobetti's Turin, the center of the anti-Fascist movement!) almost matched his distaste for the regime; his very confinement in Calabria was the penalty he paid for sealing his lips to protect the political involvements of his terrifying mistress, who will slip namelessly into Italian literary history, thanks to Lajolo, as "the lady with the hoarse voice." When he joined the Communist Party after the war, he remained apolitical by temperament but was full of remorse (as we noted) for his earlier inaction. One could go on. Very little of that political tension seeps through the pages of this collection, in part because Fussell (or his editors) has deliberately excluded Pavese's essays on culture and politics (and, for that matter, on myth and ethnology). But one can glean a certain dramatic shift in attitude even from that little, if one reads with care. In his essay on Dos Passos (1933), the words "capitalism" and "capitalistic society" are coyly surrounded—perhaps as editorial armor against the Fascist censorship—by quotation marks that point as if proleptically toward the cold-war criticism of the fifties. (Fussell, in one of his rare slips as a translator, compounds the problem by rendering *compagno*, "comrade," as "companion," politically anodyne and simply wrong.) Similarly, in the essay on Whitman, he finds the moments when Whitman wants to create "a poetry appropriate to the democratic and republican world," to sing the discovery of the American *polis*, both absurd and turbid. (I sense behind such remarks the influence not so much of Croce's poetics as of his politics.)

But by the time of his essay on Matthiessen (1946), Pavese knew better, for he patently shares the conviction expressed in *American Renaissance* "that there should be no split between art and the other functions of the community, that there should be an organic union between labor and culture." The outbreak of the cold war, Pavese sensed, brought about a rupture between those functions with which, twenty years after Pavese's death, we are still afflicted. In the context of our present situation his postwar disenchantment with us is chilling. It was because American culture had at crucial junctures embodied progressive ideas (he writes in 1947) that it assumed "its mastery, its innocent and knowing intensity that put it in the vanguard of our intellectual world." In the absence of such ideas and of the struggle that accompanies them, our culture "even risks giving itself to a kind of Fascism, although it be in the name of its best traditions." □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Before the First World War and shortly thereafter, burlesque was family entertainment. But its best comics defected to vaudeville, the musical comedy stage, radio and finally to television. To save burlesque, the striptease was introduced during the depression. At first this produced ladies skilled in semi-erotic titillation; some of them—Gypsy Rose Lee, for instance—were able to practice this trick with a kind of jovial malice. To hold the audiences in the last hangdog days of the Hoover administration, the girls no longer teased, they just stripped. It has occurred to me that the use of verbal obscenity and performances in the raw have come onto the stage, in some similar fashion, as a booster to the theatre.

There are certainly other and better explanations. There exists today not a rebellion against "puritanism"—we had that in the twenties—but against vacuity. The Body, in all its fun and functions, is *real*, and very little else is nowadays. We can *believe* in the Body. All that alludes to its basic drives, in the language which speaks most unmistakably of them, may now be celebrated in orgiastic rites. The spate of sexual play may induce a tonic effect. However, there is nothing Greek, Rabelaisian or Elizabethan in the impetus of the phenomenon. It is something like a rattling of chains.

What makes it suspect is that the bawdiness hardly ever becomes fresh, eloquent or passionate. It is rarely funny or hilariously dirty as the burlesque shows occasionally were. The best of *Oh! Calcutta!* was not in its sketches but in six or seven minutes of naked cavorting

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that provided a certain merriment and innocence.

There is very little that is innocent but much that is foolishly pretentious—innovations in hypocrisy—in this vein of the "new theatre." The unclad bodies now prancing about with more energy than aptitude in *The Dirtiest Show in Town* (Astor Place Theatre) are pleasant to look at, but the words (there is no "book" or skits) are amusing only as exercises in complex patterns of smutty insults in camp style. I laughed once or twice.

I found especially intolerable the phony admixture of "social significance"—the silly charade is supposed to satirize our civilization. Tom Eyen, its author and director, proclaims: "We no longer live complete lives—stop—only parts—stop —and these parts are not our own—STOP!" References to air pollution and to the hostilities of our lovemaking are supposed to provide the exhibit with its "ideas." To which my most polite response is—CRAP!

None of this however turned my annoyance into outrage. The publicized quotes from two *New York Times* critics and several others were what rendered me rabid. If they had said: "The young people in this show have attractive figures and their sexual tangle (enhanced by reflections in a mirror) is beguiling," I should have had no objection. But wit was found in the proceedings, *wit*, the element so desperately lacking throughout. This from the most influential reviewer in New York who finds little to admire in Shaw. And not only wit was found in this frenzied juvenilia but also emotion. Thus the mess has become an Off-Broadway smash. To have puffed it up for what it is (Kenneth Tynan, for example, confessed in public print that he approves of pornography because it encourages masturbation), such admiration would hardly suffice. With certain reviewers it is imperative above all to prove that they are "with it," that they are not squares. Youth (and the *avant-garde*) must be served.

Golden Bat, "a Japanese Rock Musical," is an Off-Broadway hit of an entirely different caliber (Sheridan Square Playhouse). Much of it—song and speech—is in Japanese and cannot be judged as "writing." There are hints in the playbill and in the company's strenuous and sometimes endearing efforts at English which suggest the entertainment's message. It is chiefly conveyed through the presence on stage of the "Tokyo Kid Brothers" (which includes girls).

They are "rebels." They were born after 1945 and wish to be held blameless for the war. They look toward a world free from the fetters of prejudice. We must not, they imply, be against Nippon. But they are dismayed by *our* anti-Americanism. They like America and, despite all their dissatisfactions, are devoted to their *own* country. They wish to see us all in mutual embrace.

Their recourse to audience participation does not cause embarrassment, as it so often does when it is just a "new theatre" gimmick. They are genuinely good-natured. There is a sweetness even in their indignation. When two of them take off their clothes, it is done with grace in no way related to sexual braggadocio. In a chant, which the program explains is the plaint of a woman on whom an abortion has been performed, the impression made is that of a ceremonial prayer. These "hippies" are not detached from Japanese tradition; their contemporaneity has not removed them from the refined intensity of their ancestral background. A person divorced from the last remnants of his people's past is a shivering nonentity, and that is precisely what a good deal of modern expression is trying to demonstrate we are: ciphers. The incessantly dancing, singing, shouting, prating, laughing, delightful Japanese troupe gives the lie to this modish doctrine, in which so many find masochistic comfort.

Most impressive on my return from Europe was the production of *Boesman and Lena* (Circle in the Square). I speak of it first of all as a "production," because the script by the white South African dramatist, Athol Fugard, is so fascinatingly fleshed out by its actors, James Earl Jones, Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae (feelingly directed by John Berry) that one is obliged to speak of the events as a whole rather than in the detail of credits. That is theatre as it should be.

Surely *Boesman and Lena* could not have been written by anyone who was not wholly immersed in the tortured realm of apartheid. Yet it is something more than a black play. It is about a man and woman, husband and wife, on a path of life beset by constant adversity.

The woman has suffered several miscarriages and the death of one child due to the couple's perpetual trek in wretched poverty. The man is twisted by the humiliation of his homelessness, his childlessness, his failure to rise above his state. The woman, closer to earth than the man—because she is a woman?—still possesses pride, persistence, compassion for others and a fierce will to be *here*. Thus she surmounts the torments to which she and her husband are subjected. His suffering can manifest itself only in violence. "What you cannot understand, you hit," she tells him. She would rather be killed than dwell in the bondage of sniveling piteousness. Her final outcry is an affirmation *de profundis* of her humanity, the terrible miracle of being alive. With that fortitude, marred though it is by a mate who shares her wrath but not her understanding, she keeps herself and him going on together. The image of the two continuing on the trail of their laborious existence transcends the play's specific (or local) circumstances.

The play is not depressing because the actors have lifted it to exaltation. James Earl Jones has for some years given evidence of his valorous talent. The portrait of the martyred boxer in *The Great White Hope* simply made it conspicuous. But as Boesman he adds elements of characterization in posture and gait, in speech, in inner disposition, in acrid humor, which make him one of the prides of our stage.

I have liked Ruby Dee in previous appearances; here she surpasses everything I had reason to expect of her. The flame in her playing transmutes the rags and collected filth on her withered frame, so that her performance takes on a fierce glow, triumphant power. The sand and stones over which her Lena has clambered her life long, have become the heroic sound in the gravel of her voice. These two performances, and Mokae's pathetic Kaffir vagrant, are surely the highlights of the 1969-70 season.

For some reason which I cannot exactly determine, the words of the opening scenes are barely intelligible. Don't be put off by this—the evening progresses to glory. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Truffaut's *The Wild Child* is about a boy of 10 or 12. *The 400 Blows*, which was the first film he directed, concerns a boy of similar age, and comparisons are being made, it being suggested that Truffaut has a particular rapport with childhood. There is probably something to this, and Truffaut calls attention to it by dedicating the current work to Jean-Pierre Léaud, who played the lead in the earlier one. It is also evident that these two films are peak achievements in a somewhat uneven career.

But aside from empathy with the young, which in fact is not so rare a trait, the pictures are more different than they are alike. *The 400 Blows*, at least suggested by Truffaut's own childhood, was a deeply subjective picture. *The Wild Child* is the meticulous dramatization of a case history set down by a Dr. Jean Itard in

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1798 and for a few years thereafter. For all that Truffaut himself plays—admirably—one of the two leads (Itard), it is studiously objective; dispassionate, crystalline, deductive. The compassion, the humor, the somewhat rueful doubts must be supplied almost entirely by the spectator. That is part of what makes it so good a film.

Reason is the key. France at the end of the 18th century was a society enraptured by the magnificence of logic and fascinated by the dexterity with which the human mind performed it. Truffaut etches in this enthusiasm behind his narrative with well-tempered chamber music, spare and elegant interiors, sober propriety of dress, the distant courtesy of daily intercourse and a view of man's place in creation which, if not smug, is certainly self-assured. Into this formality and pride of ascendancy over the natural order is catapulted *l'enfant sauvage*, the wild boy, found by a mushroom gatherer, captured by hunters with their dogs, leashed by one leg, raving and lunging for rustic entertainment.

Clearly he is of the human species, but can he reason? Paris senses a unique phenomenon and off to Paris the boy is shipped. An older physician, after careful observation and long searching of his experience, says no, the boy is an idiot; that is why he was abandoned in the woods. Itard, young, ambitious, and fired by the experimental opportunity of a lifetime, makes bold to disagree. The boy is normal, and he does not reason because he has been deprived of the company of man, the only source of reason. He, Itard, will take the savage into his home—Madame Guerlin (Françoise Seigner), his housekeeper, will assist with the domestic necessities—and an attempt will be made to have this child reborn in human guise.

The picture then details Dr. Itard's methods, and irony begins to develop. On the one side is the doctor, with his measuring tools, his daily schedules, his ingenious instructional materials, his mild, evenhanded administration of rewards and punishments; and on the other, this passionate, inquisitive, impulsive, incontinent young creature who repeatedly astonishes his rather literal-minded guardian by cutting across the paths of a well-coordinated pedagogy, but who is distressingly slow to take his place as a cadet in the French bourgeoisie. To a modern audience, the boy (played astonishingly well by Jean-Pierre Cargol —Truffaut has a truly magic grasp of what children find worth their attention) is in many ways less strange than Itard, the Encyclopedist: we understand ferocity in confrontation with the rules, and we no longer lean with confidence on the syllogism.

There is in the film a suggestion, I think, that the boy might have progressed faster had he been left in the hands of an old peasant of the village who pitied the young being and who offered him only wonder and love. But it is no more than a suggestion, because one really cannot decide what to make of this boy. When he was found, he was 10 or a little older; he could not speak, clothes were utterly unfamiliar to him, he showed no recognition of such familiar objects as bowls, shoes, door latches. How old was he, then, when he was exposed (among many scars, inflicted presumably by animals, there was a sinister straight slash across his throat)? How did he survive in a French winter (true, in Southern France, but that is not mild) at the age, say, of 4? Had he really no memory of human contact; had no one in the village watched over his movements? We do not know—"wolf child" accounts are always unsatisfactory on this point—but it is possible that Dr. Itard's austere study was for the boy more promising neutral ground than any peasant's cottage could have been.

In any case, the boy shows progress up to the point we take leave of him; evidence from later years is not available. The doctor, ever faithful to his muse of reason, is troubled that Victor (a name tried at hazard, and to which the boy responded with surprising alertness) shows no more than an increasing alacrity to perform by rote. Was he developing no sense of the human contract by which men deal responsibly and cooperatively with one another; no sense, in short, of justice? One final experiment: the boy will perform a task perfectly and the doctor will punish him as though he had obstinately failed. This is done and, eureka! the boy flies into an unprecedented spasm of hysteria and bites his patron's hand. Itard clasps his pupil to him—"welcome home, my child!"—and at last the love which the scientist has been so studiously disciplining to logic asserts its authority.

All this Truffaut details in the most chaste photography, flaring sometimes in the placid light like a daguerreotype. There is a stillness about the scenes, an expectancy, that endows each small development with almost stunning importance. The film is cool, and at the same time tense with these recurring minicrises; a shattered bowl can seem appalling. It is a film elevated by respect—respect for Itard's confidence in the triumph of order and for the boy's rebellious forays into freedom. And, finally, it takes notice of the poignant fact that it always seems a miracle when these two—order and freedom—are resolved; in the general run of men they come to terms. □

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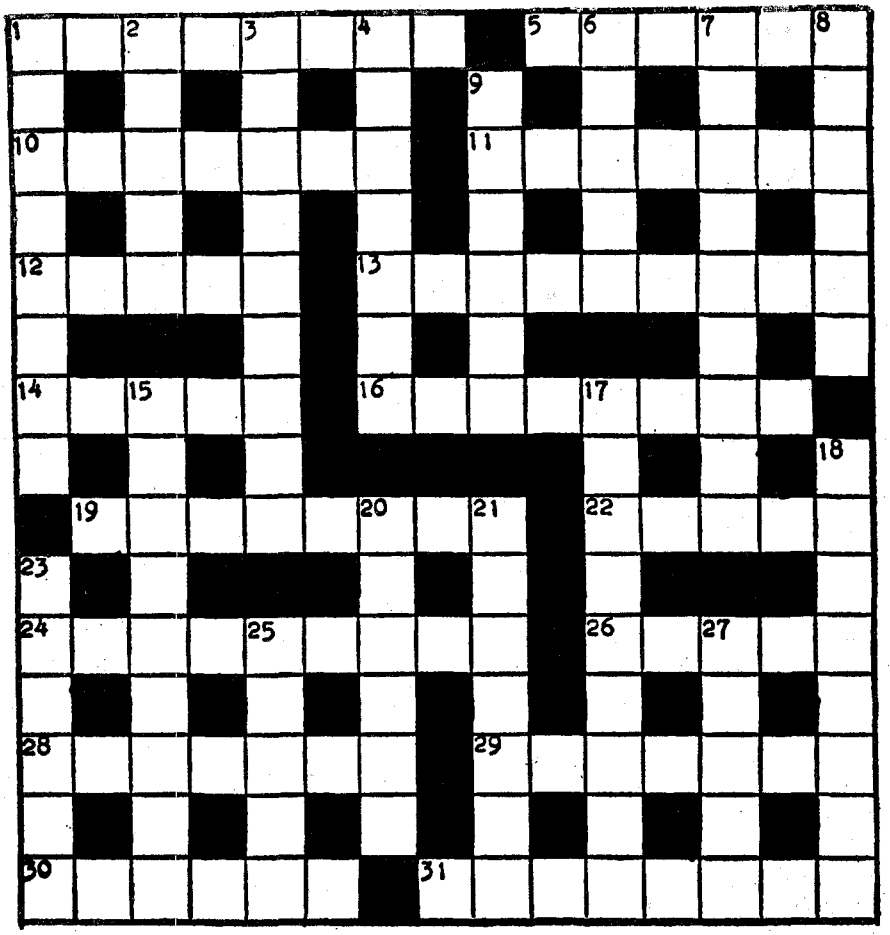
Crossword Puzzle No. 1361

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 But it doesn't necessarily imply only middling attention for the aged. (8)
5 Choose by the sound of it only the top winners. (6)
10 In a way, is as far as those long-planned trips. (7)
11 The sort of evergreen not concerned with getting even. (7)
12 The Mobe's disorganized, but still capable of making a clean-up. (5)
13 Force shouldn't, if the covert are made overt. (9)
14 Used to be from the tip of the middle finger to the elbow. (5)
16 An omen indeed! (It was planned that way.) (8)
19 and 22 Bachelor hunch, at least. (8,5)
24 One of those stuffed animals found in a high-class street? Rocket off like this! (2,3,4)
26 Not exactly like having the gout overseas —the sensation would have to be a marked one. (5)
28 Proving improper rearing is likely to cause a comparatively mad condition. (7)
29 These should make hotheads a little more temperate. (3,4)
30 One with pantophobia probably does anything in the order of adders. (6)
31 Perhaps resumed a foot by foot tabulation. (8)

DOWN

1 Very conservative, even for a turtle! (8)
2 Takes off. (5)
3 Scale, but not by taking one step at a time. (9)
4 Ponders the difficult answer. (7)
6 Touch-down is much easier if one can. (5)
7 A certain element of a G-man, seen to be in trouble. (9)
8 If you know your ropes in the navy, these should be familiar. (6)
9 For example, Irish and Boston terriers —near Bunker Hill, of course. (6)
15 Make all soiled where you might sleep with an old cloth on a broken leg. (9)
17 Those who pursue Japanese game have to hustle. (2-7)
18 Depress a switch to get maligned? (8)
20 Observation points should have a certain pull, if we sort the letters of them. (6)
21 Not the darkness of Maytide. (7)
23 and 25 If it ain't, it ain't hay! (How routine can you get?) (3-3-5)
27 A step in making the ocular examination sound? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1360

ACROSS: 1 Natchez; 5 Milreis; 9 Worms; 10 Afterglow; 11 Up and down; 12 Ensue; 13 Gaiters; 15 Lioness; 17 Gumshoe; 19 Hussars; 21 Logic; 23 Allocates; 25 Involuted; 26 Breve; 27 Sprayed; 28 Yachted. DOWN: 1 Newburg; 2 Terrarium; 3 Hosed; 4 Zealots; 5 Matinal; 6 Larcenous; 7 Eblis; 8 Sawyers; 14 Ethically; 16 Enactment; 17 Gullies; 18 Exalted; 19 Holiday; 20 Suspend; 22 Giver; 24 Cubic.

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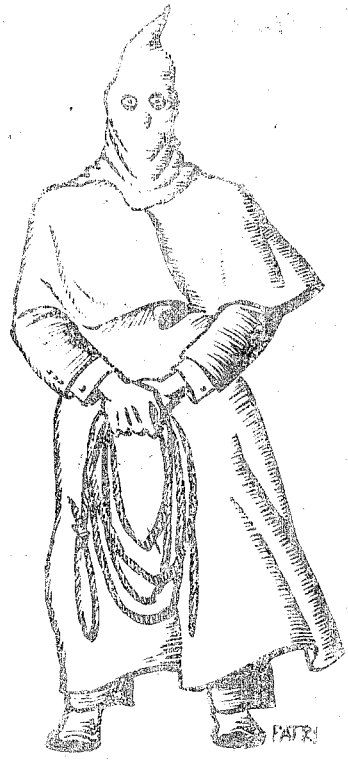

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